BEGINNING—**THE WOMAN ACCUSED**—ALL-STAR SERIAL
BY TEN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

JAN. 21,
1933

Liberty

5¢

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

●

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

JANUARY 21, 1933 VOL. 10, No. 3

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by GEORGIA WARREN

SALOON OR SPEAKEASY—WHICH?

The open saloon was a destructive force of great magnitude. It catered to human depravity, and it was the flaunting of its shamelessness to the public everywhere that brought us prohibition.

To be sure, there were all kinds of saloons, just as there are all kinds of speakeasies, and it is difficult to frame a law that would set a definite dividing line. But admitting that the saloon was guilty of all that was charged against it, and more too, we still have to acknowledge that the speakeasies are far worse.

They are unlawful and lawless to the last degree. There you will find the home of racketeering of the worst sort. Easy money is the tempting bait that aids and abets this criminality.

And now that prohibition is liable to receive its final deathblow we will indeed have a difficult problem before us. We will probably have to decide between the speakeasy and the saloon. It is needless to try to deceive ourselves. Why shut our eyes to a situation that we must face? We cannot be hypocritical pretenders.

The liquor evil is with us. Prohibition has moved the saloons from the street corners into the speakeasies. And we know from bitter experience that the liquor habit cannot be crushed by law. We have learned that lesson beyond all refutation.

And the question we will doubtless have to ask ourselves at this time is: Will we have the open saloon that is lawfully controlled, or will we have the speakeasy?

If we refuse to license the saloon, will it be possible to close the speakeasy?

We hear an unlimited amount of discussion as to what we must do when the Volstead law is repealed, and there is nearly always the associated warning that we must not go back to the saloon. But if we expect to close the speakeasy what other method can be used?

Some politicians are not averse to deceiving the public, and the speakeasies are hidden away on side streets. They do not flaunt their ugliness to the general public.

It is our belief, if we are compelled to choose between the two—and that seems to be the situation—that the saloon, licensed and controlled by governmental edicts, compelled to close at certain hours, is by far the lesser of the two evils.

And this is by no means an indorsement of the saloon. God forbid!

But there is no room for argument as to which is the lesser evil—the speakeasy or the saloon. There are literally hundreds of thousands of speakeasies doing business throughout the country at this time. If we have licensed saloons they can all be closed; if there are no saloons the speakeasies will undoubtedly find it profitable to remain in business.

And there seems to be no possible chance of closing them by legal measures. We know that in spite of all the efforts made through federal and state edicts they have continued in business.

There is only one way to close them, and that is through legitimate competition by licensed drinking places. We can call them saloons, or whatever we please. No matter how much we may object to their presence we cannot put them out of business.

They will either exist as a secret unlawful business, or else they can be subject to close scrutiny, made to conform to certain definite rules through governmental license, which would at least materially lessen their evil influence.

There are still many who will doubtless condemn this attitude, but when we have an unpleasant situation to deal with it is foolish to close our eyes. It must be recognized and handled in the most effective manner.

We will candidly admit that all drinking places should be closed. We will go further and admit that prohibition, if it could be enforced, would be of infinite benefit to the nation.

This we have tried for a decade or more and we have failed miserably, and when we ultimately find that we are compelled to choose between two destructive forces, it is certainly desirable to select that which is the least harmful.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.
Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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In the United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, $2.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).
In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year.
In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.
No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Beginning—

LIBERTY-PARAMOUNT ALL-

BY TEN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

The Woman Accused

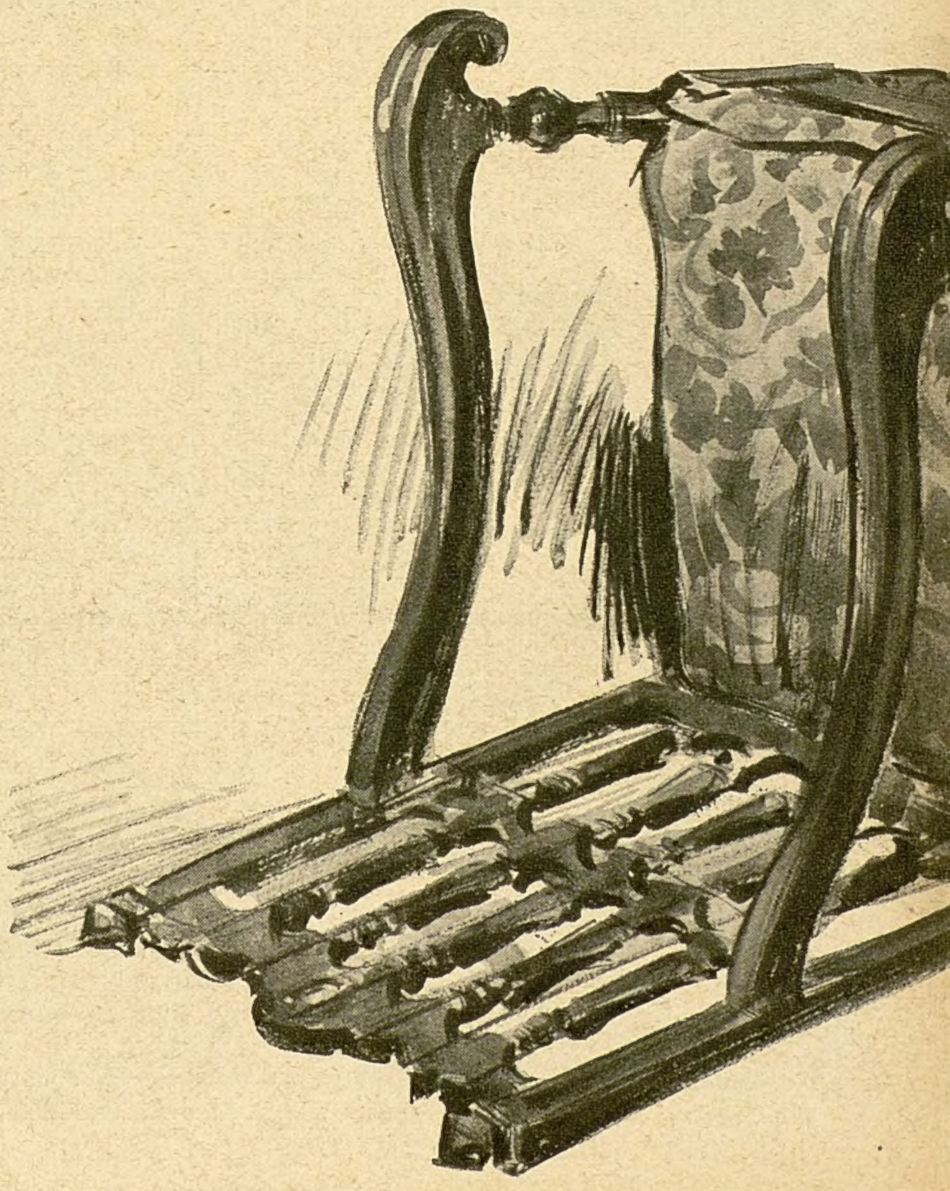
A Great Novel of a Prisoner of Passion and a Man's Battle to Free Her

(Reading time: 45 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE plot of this all-star serial is based on an original story written by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to each of the ten authors and they were asked to do a chapter apiece in sequence. The result is one of the most dramatic and extraordinary stories ever written. Liberty takes pleasure in presenting this striking feature to its readers. Two chapters will appear in each issue.

CHAPTER ONE—THE TRAP

By RUPERT HUGHES



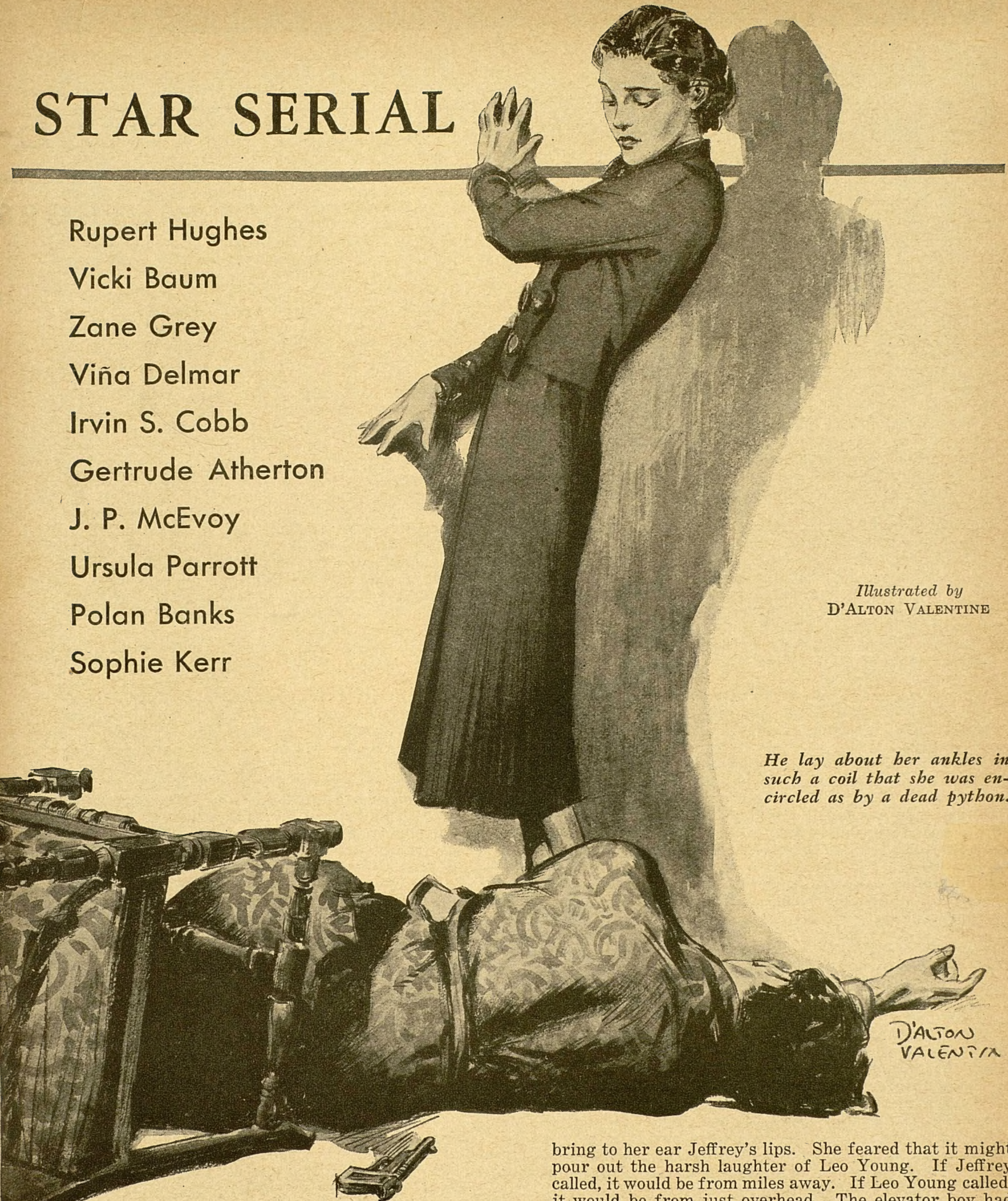
THE only woman that ever entered Paradise without a past was Eve. And she had one when she tried to get back in.

Glenda Cromwell had been in hell and now was tasting heaven, wondering how long she might enjoy its raptures, how soon something would shake the scales off her eyes again and make life outside once more as ugly as she had found it until the love of Jeffrey Baxter redeemed it for her.

The serpent in the modern Eden is the telephone. From its black rubber lips and its coils come words of temptation to be wise, to be wicked, good, gay, afraid. A voice comes and from far off; only a voice, but it may be damnation that speaks, or salvation.

STAR SERIAL

Rupert Hughes
Vicki Baum
Zane Grey
Viña Delmar
Irvin S. Cobb
Gertrude Atherton
J. P. McEvoy
Ursula Parrott
Polan Banks
Sophie Kerr



Illustrated by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

He lay about her ankles in such a coil that she was encircled as by a dead python.

To Glenda the telephone was an everlasting suspense. From it had come so many of her destinies and such varied destinies that, though in face and form she was still a girl, and a beautiful girl, she was an old, old woman in experience.

She watched the telephone now, listened for its purr, so like a rattlesnake's warning, so like a carillon of happiness. She hoped that when it sounded it would bring to her ear Jeffrey's lips. She feared that it might pour out the harsh laughter of Leo Young. If Jeffrey called, it would be from miles away. If Leo Young called, it would be from just overhead. The elevator boy had told her when she came in:

" Mistoo Young just got back from Paris, France, and Yoorp, and all them places. Do you want to go right on up to his flo'? "

She had blenched as she told him " No! " and the humiliating reminder of Young had staggered her with terror as well as shame.

Of course he would come back before she could get away! But then she deserved this for having been fool enough to linger on in the apartment he had provided for her before the quarrel.

Perhaps she hated Young a little the more bitterly because she owed him a debt of everlasting gratitude. Perhaps her gratitude for the good he had done her was poisoned by the fact that he had not done a little more, and had done her so much harm.

Looking forward now to the sweet decencies of honest marriage with Jeffrey she could hardly believe that she was even distantly related to that earlier herself, the wild girl who had squandered all the treasure of innocence she would give her life to regain—not so much for her own pride as for Jeffrey's. Her home and her childhood had been decent but tame. Her restless, adventurous soul had resented the lightest restraints, and she had run away, had stumbled into every pitfall and trap that awaits the young girl fool. Thinking she knew all there was to know, she had drifted into a reckless entanglement with a handsome youth. She did not know or suspect how he earned the money for the tawdry, shoddy little gifts he made her, or the tawdry extravagance of their shelter.

She learned how he made his very lively livelihood only when he was arrested as a gunman and a thief, and she was arrested as his accomplice. She learned what a cell was like and she beat on the bars in the panic of a caged wild bird. A lawyer passing to see a client of his, caught sight of her desperate beauty, paused to speak to her and was convinced of her innocence, at least of thievery. He made himself her counsel.

If a gorilla had offered to release her from that cell she would have gone with him to the jungle for freedom's sweet sake. Leo Young was no gorilla. To Glenda's eyes he was a god of beauty and power, and she did not scruple to grant him his full reward. He installed her in her first splendor. The rather gaudy apartment beneath his own, the clothes he bought for her, the dinners and theaters and motor excursions and night clubs—all seemed to prove the generosity of a Good Samaritan.

Only one thing he denied her and that was her plea to retrieve her fingerprints from the archives of the police department. When she was arrested the officers had pressed her hands on the ink pads and recorded the tiny whorls of her finger tips, and she felt that she could never be rid of the ink. She was forever trying to rub off the smudge, like a young Lady Macbeth. But the damned spots would not out. When she begged Leo Young to remove and destroy the records, he put her off with a word:

"Better let sleeping fingerprints lie." If he could have foreseen a desire for revenge upon her he could not have planned better.

UNCONSCIOUSLY he was educating her out of herself and beyond his own flashy brilliance as a criminal lawyer, a clever actor, an improvising playwright, who could make juries laugh and cry and who swept many a vile crook out of the court rooms on a flood of tears.

Glenda despised herself for learning to despise him. She tried to credit him with kindly motives when he was only showing off. He liked to show her off, too, and to make her glitter as an advertisement of his own success. When she came to understand this, she reproached herself for being an ingrate. Helplessly she tired of him before he tired of her. When she discovered how false he was even to the falsehood of their life together, she still kept true to him. Her soul was struggling all the while upward out of the mire of her life, and when he suddenly announced a plan to spend the summer in Europe, she was glad of the illness that kept her from sailing with him. He might have waited a boat or two, but he was tired of her. He accused her of only pretending to be ill, and made this a pretext for abandoning her. When he was gone she was immediately well. She had really been sick of him. He was her disease.

She had saved up the money he had occasionally won at the races or at gambling resorts and tossed into her lap, less for the gift than for the gesture. She stayed on in the apartment he had leased for her. She made a few respectable friends by chance encounters, and in the home of one of them she met Jeffrey Baxter. He was a great lawyer where Leo Young was a clever trickster.

Glenda's heart went out to him at once. His soon went to her. He asked her to marry him. She was stunned. She refused. When he asked her what she had against him, she told him what there was against her. She told him everything, put the worst interpretation on all her misdeeds, made crimes of her mistakes, tried to make him loathe her old self, as she herself did. This proved to him only that she was honest. He believed all women capable of sin, and most of them eager to yield to temptation. She had yielded and had finished with it.

He refused to accept her refusal. She protested that there would be scandal, that his political ambitions would be ruined, that the mere announcement of his engagement to her would set the gossip hounds to sniffing along her back tracks.

GLENDA was so frantic in her dread of endangering his career that she actually begged him to make her his mistress, not his wife. He was blind enough, or clear-sighted enough, to see in this self-effacement a final proof of utter love. To ease her conscience, he agreed to arrange a very secret wedding:

"You've heard about those ships that take a six-day cruise to nowhere. Well, we'll go quietly aboard one of them and sail away to heaven. Captain Buchanan is an old client of mine, looks like a lion, and is gentle as a dove. The captain of a ship on the high seas has the right to perform marriages. Old Buchanan will marry us in his cabin and keep the record in his safe, and I defy any snooping reporter to dig it out. The rest of the voyage will be our honeymoon."

"A captain really has the right to perform marriages?" she gasped. "Are you sure? I never knew that."

"Well, you're the only person on earth that doesn't know it. Of course I'm sure. I had a friend who got married that way five or six years ago. There's your secrecy, then a beautiful cruise through paradise—then back to a home of our own. How do you like the picture?"

She loved it. She resisted her good luck no longer. She went feverishly to work collecting a seagoing trousseau. It was all a radiant dream and she was sure that she would wake from it to stark reality. The first cloud in the sky was the discovery that the boat sailed at midnight. Jeffrey explained:

"It begins like an Irish honeymoon: we'll spend our first night together apart. But the next morning early we'll have the captain off the bridge, and I'll slip the ring on your finger."

The last day ashore was busy for both of them. He had countless details of business to dispose of before he could get away. She had to pack up all her things and send to storage what she did not take abroad, for she was giving up the apartment. She had dinner with Jeffrey at a restaurant near his office, and would not let him take her home; made him put her in a taxicab. He promised to call for her as soon as he had cleared his desk. She was so sure some collision would kill her or, worse yet, cripple her, that she gave the taxi man a double tip for getting her safely to her apartment house. As she passed through the lobby she tossed the man at the desk a smile of extra friendliness, though she wished that he had not known so much about her. But that was her own fault, not his. She smiled at the glossy patent-leather elevator boy so cordially that he tried to reward her with what would once have been good news—the word that an ocean no longer parted her from Leo Young.

Now she felt that her evil destiny had caught up with her again. She was tempted to run away at once. But her suitcases had yet to be packed.

As she flung the last things into her traveling bags the telephone rang. It must be Jeffrey. He had finished sooner than he had hoped; or he had some message. She ran toward the table. She fell back. It might be, it would be, Leo Young. She paused. The bell rang again. She must know who was calling. The voice that greeted her was Leo's:

"That you, Glen?"

She clenched her eyes and forced a smile into her voice:

"Why, Leo! Where are you speaking from? Paris?"

"I'm right upstairs. Got back late this afternoon. They said you were out."

"Well, for heaven's sake!"

"That's it. I've come back to you—for heaven's sake. I shouldn't have gone away."

Writhing in disgust and dread of his old mocking flatteries, she laughed:

"You haven't forgotten how to lie prettily."

"I hope you haven't either. Come on up."

"I can't possibly, Leo. I've got to rush right out."

"Then I'll come down for just a moment."

RUPERT HUGHES

Rupert Hughes was born in Missouri and raised in Iowa. He took a master's degree at Yale and since then has written many short stories, articles, and novels, some of which have appeared in Liberty. Mr. Hughes has written a five-volume history of George Washington.

If he got into her apartment he would see that she was ready to leave it forever. He would insist on explanations. He would resist, quarrel, fight, use force. At best she would find it hard to be rid of him before Jeffrey called. If she went to Leo's apartment, she could make some excuse for a quick escape. She said:

"I'll come up for a minute."

Leo opened the door with a groan of welcome, closed it with one hand, seized her with the other, clenched her in his arms. She dared not resist this one last outrage. Sickly she let him kiss her. She must not fight him.

She kept telling herself that she must not fight him, must not arouse his suspicions or the ferocious jealousy she knew too well. Her one hope was to get away without a quarrel.

It tortured her to see how glad he was to see her, and to remember how much she owed him after all. She could not quite hate him, and she feared herself as much almost as she feared him. She was determined to be true to Jeffrey. But to be truest to him she would have to be a little false for a little while. Leo overwhelmed her with a reawakened passion.

"How marvelous you are! I didn't realize how beautiful you could be. Somebody's been taking mighty good care of you. But I'll take better."

She answered with a sad, sphinxish smile. He raved on:

"I've seen all the European sirens from Budapest to Berkeley Square, but you've got a way of your own. You—you dazzle me!"

SHE was rather lame in her responses: "Why, thank you, Leo. You're looking well, too. The ocean voyage was what you needed. You must tell me all about it—tomorrow. I can't stop a minute now. I have an engagement."

"So I see—in the form of a solitaire." He seized her hand and there was quick wrath in his eyes. "I never gave you that. It's bigger than I could afford—then. I can do better by you now. I can't blame you exactly for stepping out."

"I thought you had thrown me into the discard. You said you had."

"Oh, I don't blame you for what you may have been up to. I was never very particular about your past, was I? But you might have chosen somebody else to run with besides Jeffrey Baxter."

Her dull, suffering gaze was startled with amazement at his guess. He named one of the women he had played with for a time:

"Kitty Holloway wrote to me—of course she was always jealous of you—and a grand liar—but she wrote me that you were going about all the time with Jeff Baxter. I see by your eyes that she told the truth for once. Why did you have to pick the one man in the world I hate best? The man who hates me best? He actually tried to get me disbarred! Denounced me as a disgrace to his honorable profession."

"I'm sorry you don't like him. I love him. He loves me."

"So Baxter the Puritan has gone on the loose too."

This cut her to the quick. "He loves me honestly. I love him honestly."

That threw Leo into a spasm of laughter. "So you fooled him. You're a better actress than I thought. You made him think you were as innocent as only you can look."

"He knows."

"What?"

"All there is to know."

"Then he knows a lot. But you couldn't have told him about me. You wouldn't dare."

"I didn't dare not to."

"Did you tell him how you first met me—in the jail? God, I can see you there now with your big eyes staring through the bars. If I hadn't intervened and used my political pull and maybe a little blackmail, you'd have gone up the river. Lord, I remember you were even honest about the reward. You said to me"—he gave a burlesque imitation of a shy child—"you said, 'If you took my case, sir, I could never pay your fee.' And I said, 'Oh, yes, you can.' And says you, 'What with?' And says I, 'With you.' And says you, 'All right.' And it was all right by me."

THE memory almost brought her down in a heap on the floor. She braced herself to endure everything and be gone. He demanded: "Did you tell Jeff Baxter that?"

"Every word of it."

He glared at her, stupefied. "You look to me just about fool enough to have done it. Did you tell him that you paid the fee, and paid, and paid?"

Suffering to her utmost, she nodded and nodded.

"What would he care, if he could get you away from me? So you're living with him now?"

"No! No! He wants to marry me. I can't see why. But he does."

"Almost any man would do almost anything to get you—even marry you. I'll marry you myself if it's necessary—if you insist. Honestly! I mean it!"

"Thank you, Leo. You're a little late. So am I. May I go now, please?"

"God, but you've grown demure and saintly! That's Baxter's training, I suppose. Well, he may have trained you, but he won't get you. I get you."

"We'll talk that over some other time."

"I suppose Baxter is calling on you. That's why you're in such a hurry. Well, I'll just go down there and have a little talk with him."

She put aside her meekness and tried to dominate him: "Listen, Leo, I owe you so much that I can never be ungrateful. If it hadn't been for you, I don't know where I'd have been. But don't spoil it all."

Doggedly he persisted: "I'll go with you and wait for Baxter. I've got a lot to say to him."

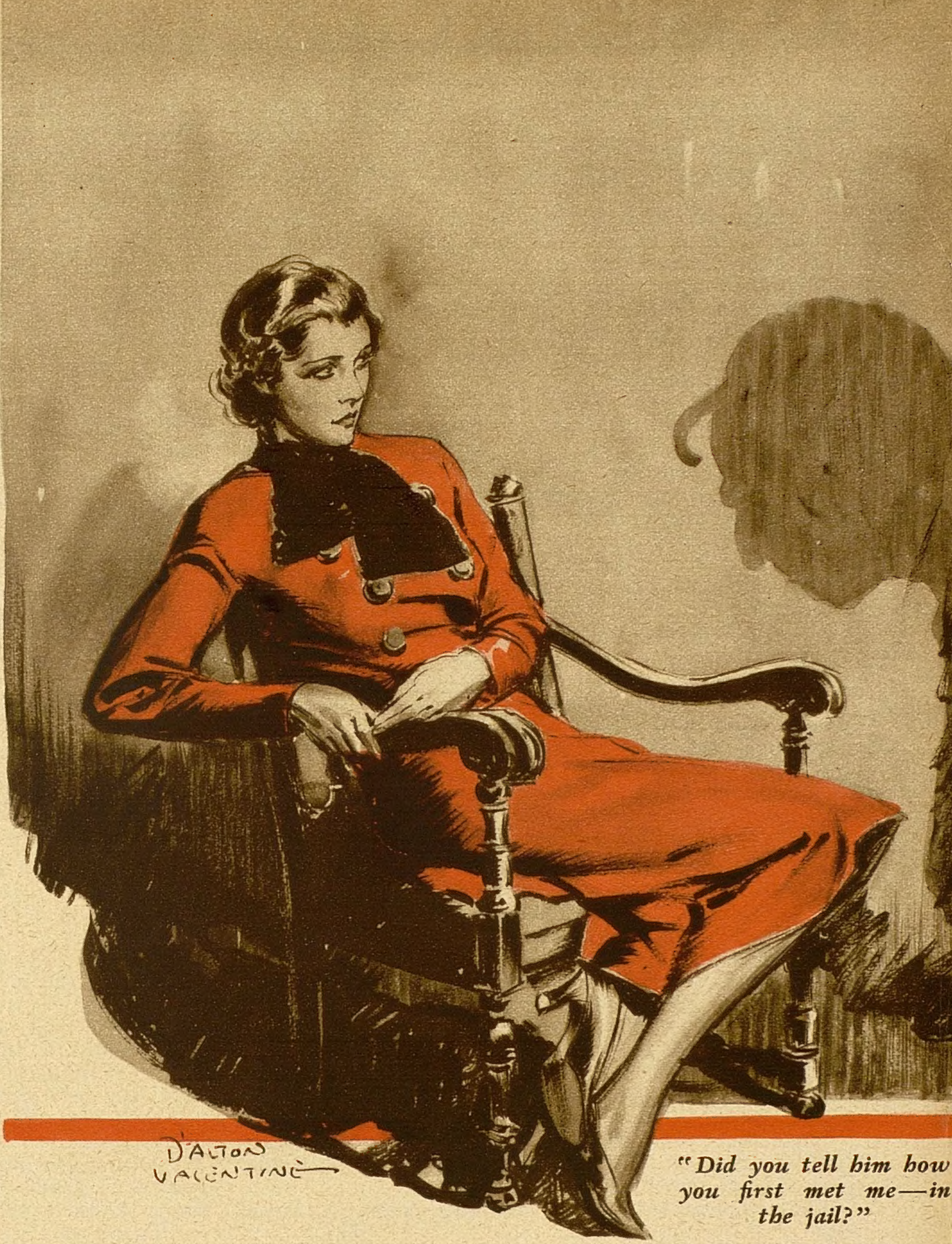
"It would only mean a fight. And he's very powerful. He's athletic; he—he's led a—a stricter life than you, Leo."

"You think he's stronger than I am, eh? Well, who should know better than you?"

"Don't be vile. You were good to me once. Don't strike the—the cup of happiness from my hand."

"But I'm to let Baxter strike it from my hand. You think he could whip me in a stand-up fight. Maybe you're right. I'm a gentleman; not a thug. But I have ways of self-defense. I have a little friend here who can take care of any prize fighter. Where I go, baby goes."

He went to an ornate desk and took from a drawer an



"Did you tell him how you first met me—in the jail?"

automatic pistol, ugly, flat, venomous as an adder's head. It hardly more than filled his palm as he displayed it before her, but she seemed to see Jeff standing in front of it in her defense, his voice fierce, his fists hammered.

She could see the pistol spitting bullets at him in a stream; hear the rat-tat-tat as of a telegraph instrument; feel each missile tearing through Jeff's beloved flesh. She could see him double in upon himself and sprawl at her feet, at Leo's feet, with Leo sneering down at him, and the world empty for her.

So vivid was the picture that she made a quick lunge at Leo to seize the weapon, but he backed away, saying:

"It's entirely up to your friend. If he behaves, baby behaves. If he gets ugly, baby talks. Remember how it was with Frankie and Johnny?

"Frankie put her finger on the trigger,
And the gun went roota-toot-toot.

"Only, I play Frankie and Jeff Baxter can be Johnny on the spot, if he wants to."

NAUSEATED with helplessness, Glenda dropped her hands, palms forward, in surrender. She could think of nothing to do or say. The sight of her as a statue of submissiveness woke no pity in Leo's heart. He was one of those to whom the terror of another is something humorous; and for him humor included suffering; a man slipping on a banana peel would not be really funny to him unless the man were hurt. Leo would have made a glorious torturer in the cruel old courts. His very love rejoiced in the pain it inflicted, for he was a sadist at heart, as Glenda had learned too well.

He stood away from her now and waved the pistol at her to see her wince. He twirled it round his forefinger and at every revolution she quivered as if it had fired a shot. Seeing how successful a comedian he was, he advanced on her, laughing, spinning the pistol. She did not know that the safety catch prevented it from firing. She did not know that there was such a thing as a safety catch. And he did not remember that a simple rub of the thumb would release it.

She backed away as if he held a snake in his hand. She felt clammy. She was ill.

She retreated until she was checked by the edge of a great couch, where he had clenched her so often and so mercilessly in his arms. Memory seemed to inspire him now with his kind of love. He drew closer and closer, chortling, the pistol revolving in a black wheel, glinting around his finger.

He put his arm about Glenda and pressed the cold pistol against her shoulder blades. A paroxysm of terror, horror, hatred shook her. Her muscles acted for her in a throe of revulsion. She whipped round in his arms to seize the pistol and thrust it from her. Their hands met about it. Four hands like wrestling animals closed on the little black engine of death.

In the scuffle the safety catch was pushed back by a thumb. Whose? No one would ever know.

What difference did it make? They were both in a crisis of madness, he of insane desire, she of frenzied terror. Twenty fingers were jostling about the pistol, clutching, slipping, clenching. The two bodies were jostling together. They were off balance, about to fall. Between their breasts the fatal machine was as helpless as they.

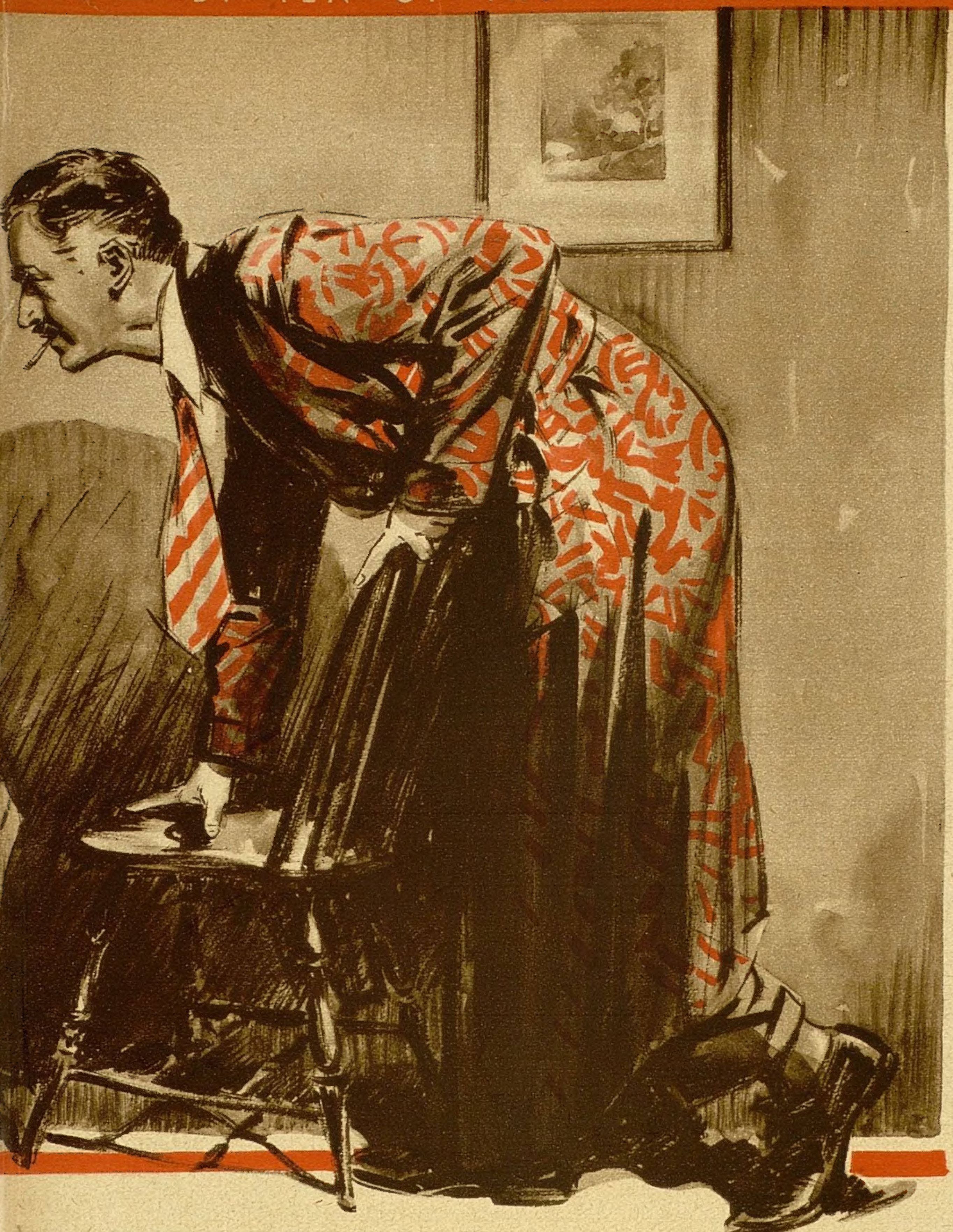
Leo's finger inside the trigger guard was crowded back on the hair trigger—perhaps by his own fingers—perhaps by hers. If there had been a witness, he could not have guessed.

There was a muffled snap, a thwack, a lazy thread of smoke, a tang of powder odor in Glenda's nostrils. The pistol grew warmer under her hand.

The face of Leo, hanging over hers in a mask of eager lust, went back, whitened, sank. His amorous mouth, in a twist of agony, puffed: "Oh, God!"

The steel of his muscles turned to twine. His knees relaxed. His hands clutched at Glenda for support, but could not hold, and went sliding down her breasts and her loins. He lay about her ankles in such a coil that she was encircled as by a dead python. She would have to step over him to escape. She could not move.

Slowly she realized that his limp fingers had left the pistol in her hand. She stared at it and shook it off as if it were a viper. It fell to the floor and with the shock spat again. She could tell by the jolt it gave Leo's body that it had sent a bullet into his back.



CHAPTER TWO—

Afloat with Her Secret

By VICKI BAUM

STRANGE, the profound depth of that silence which made itself felt throughout the room! And Glenda stood there, rigid, fully erect—but she did not faint! She would have liked to pass into merciful oblivion, but instead, the mechanism of her brain worked clearer than ever before in her life!

The room, with its ornate furniture—she saw it all as clearly as though she were staring at it for the first time. The four walls seemed to surround and compress her like the walls of a prison! Pictures of a few film stars were scattered about upon the walls, pictures of half-naked girls from revues, and on the small table by the couch a half-empty highball glass! An overturned comport of ice cream lay on the floor where it had been knocked, and as Glenda gazed, wide-eyed and fascinated, the small pieces of ice melted and spread into dark spots upon the carpet. A cigarette was still burning on the edge of a taboret—a thin, whitish thread of smoke curling upward.

Outside, suddenly piercing the darkness, came the shriek of a fire-engine's siren—nearer and nearer—and then it died away. The muffled metropolitan noises of New York reached the twenty-second floor—and Glenda. Then again that awful silence! The cigarette still sent forth a wreath of smoke—but Leo Young was dead!

Although still in death, warmth emanated from his body—and it was that yet warm, limp body so close to her feet that held Glenda paralyzed. Till now the woman's eyes had wandered about the room—everywhere—except to that lifeless object stretched out upon the carpet!

BUT now she forced herself to look at it—forced herself to stare back into the face of Leo Young, as the face stared blankly up into hers! The man's eyes were still open; his face, although inert, still wore the expression of covetousness and passion which it had depicted in those last lustful moments of his life.

Something in that face loosened the numbness that held Glenda rigid. With a deliberate motion of her foot she pushed aside the dead body—heavy—offering no resistance—and stepped out from the circle of those limbs. Then suddenly, in the mirror which hung on the wall she caught sight of her reflection—and realized that she was smiling!

Stooping, she picked up the revolver, intending to end her own life. After all, this was the only thing left for her to do. For since he was dead—dead under such circumstances—what soul in the world would doubt that she was a murderess? Even she, herself, was not so sure! Better for her to end it all before Jeff came—Jeff—dear, beloved Jeff!

The revolver slipped from her hand and dropped with a dull thud at her side—and she was not even aware of it! A fleeting vision had flashed before her of Jeff—of how he would have looked had he entered this room and found her dead by the side of the murdered man!

So distinct was the vision that she recognized Jeff's overcoat—the dark blue one of rough wool; the one with the stitched shoulder seams—and an infinite yearning swept over her to be able to lay her head close against that rough wool coat and sleep.

Unconsciously she had shrunk away from that body at the recollection of Jeff. Strangely enough, it was the horror of lying near that heavy dead body which had restrained her from committing suicide in her insane moment of agitation.

She gazed down at the steel-blue revolver—at its yawning mouth, so cruel, so sinister. All her life Glenda had been afraid of firearms. Even as a child, when her brothers in the South had fired at targets, or gone shooting ducks, she had always shunned their rattling pastime. Perhaps it was this very dread of the revolver which had driven her to that panicky fear—

the fear that had ended in the disastrous scuffle with Young.

Glenda stooped slowly, cautiously placed the revolver on the carpet between the widening pools of melting ice and the body that was already growing cold. There it lay—a small, compact, glittering object resembling a coiled, satiated snake!

Dead silence reigned again, broken only by the faint hurried ticking of a watch—the wrist watch on the dead man's arm! The second hand moved, and it looked uncannily alive!

The timepiece told her it was almost eleven! At eleven, Jeff had said he would call and take her with him to the boat—to untold bliss—on a passage to paradise!

For ten long minutes Glenda suffered all the agonies of hell! For ten long minutes she stood as if in a stupor—although she told herself over and over again that she must pull herself together, must bring herself to a clear understanding. She must think this thing over quietly, sensibly. Everything had not come about due to her own volition—just as Leo's death had not happened of her volition!

Hurriedly, almost furtively, she backed out of the room in which the dead man lay. His right arm lay extended toward her, his forefinger stretched forth. Perhaps it was that outstretched finger that had pulled the trigger; but as Glenda cast one more glance behind her, as she quickly closed the door, it seemed as if that finger pointed accusingly at her:

Glenda Cromwell—a murderess!

Not until later did it occur to her that she had left her small cigarette case behind her in that room. Then it was too late—she couldn't go back! Neither did she have the desire to do so! She fully realized that it would be useless to try to obliterate that damaging clue. It would be found sooner or later!

She walked rapidly down the corridor, over the thick carpets which covered all the hallways of this expensive apartment house. She walked on her toes—quietly—cautiously—and her brows were wrinkled. Thoughts flashed across her mind—queer thoughts she could not control.

Strange how people in the same house could live so close together, and yet, how distant was her fate from that of her neighbors! From behind closed doors of the next room came gay strains of music—a radio. Glenda turned a corner. Three old ladies were at the elevator, waiting. They were discussing a bridge party they had just left. Somewhere a dog yapped with sharp, eager barks.

Avoiding the group at the elevator, Glenda started down the service stairs. She didn't know what prompted her spontaneous action, even as she began to realize that evidently no one had heard the shot!

A CHAMBERMAID with a bundle of clean towels on her arms climbed the stairs toward her, softly humming to herself. She cast one fleeting glance at Glenda, too indifferent and indolent to wonder just why Miss Cromwell should be using the service stairs. Perhaps she idly thought Miss Cromwell was bound on some clandestine adventure. But Glenda stopped, and held her breath, as she looked after the girl. If she should enter Young's apartment everything would be over! If she didn't—the tragedy might remain unknown until the following morning, when everything was sure to be discovered!

"Till morning—and then?" a voice within Glenda queried.

"Then your boat will be safely out on the high seas," the same voice answered reassuringly.

Glenda stood there on the dimly lighted service stairs, breathed in the damp mustiness of the air, and waited. Her heart pounded furiously. She felt as though it had not beat since that shot. But the chambermaid did not stop at the twenty-second floor! She went on up to the twenty-fifth, the iron door clanged and the tones of her humming died away.

"Jeff!" Glenda whispered half aloud. A moment later and she had entered her own room.

"Jeff! Jeff!" All her thoughts had been withdrawn from Leo Young, and uppermost in her mind now was Jeff. If she could only tell him everything—then notify the police. Yes, that was the proper way. But the boat would sail—and she would never get to paradise! Never! *Never!* To tell Jeff everything, to look into his eyes—those beloved, somewhat sunken eyes—to tell him all, then wait for his sentence . . . ?

No! No! She could never do that!

She paced back and forth across the room, her hands so tightly clenched that they grew white beneath the pressure.

"I can't do it! I can't!" she muttered in a frenzy. Courage? Oh, yes! But there were so many kinds of courage. She could die for Jeff—oh, she knew she could do that; but to tell him everything? No! She couldn't!

Her lips were hot and dry; her hands had grown stiff with cold. Going into the bathroom, she turned on the faucet, allowing the hot water to flow over her chilled palms. The warmth was just what she needed!

Suddenly, without any reflection, she knew what she wanted. She craved to be happy! During her lifetime she had had many experiences—but the knowledge of how happiness tasted was not among them.

AND she still wanted her happiness—her great, bitter, painful, short happiness of six days! She wouldn't say anything to Jeff. She didn't want to marry him either. Foolish idea—Jeff and she! This cleanest, most irreproachable of all men must never marry her!

Glenda began to smile. Her lifetime had been flooded with mistakes—she had made them often—but she would never commit this terrible one—that of ruining Jeff's life and future.

Again she confronted her smile in the mirror. An odd smile, that. It made her look young, although she looked like a specter. Close by, the clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven—faint, hesitating strokes.

"Yes, Jeff," Glenda replied to an unspoken call. "I'm ready!"

She was attired in her traveling costume when she had gone to the upper floor. Now she mechanically smoothed it. She noted that the button on her collar had been torn off. Taking her workbox from the packed trunk, she stood before the mirror and sewed another one on. The mechanical activity did her good. For a few seconds she forgot everything. Then she put on the small cap that matched her traveling costume, a bizarre little thing in green.

"I look horrible!" she commented to herself critically. The face reflected in the mirror did not look as though it were hers; neither did those hands seem to belong to her. They were strange things that had struggled for a revolver, and now finished packing a trunk methodically. Tonight they would close lovingly about Jeff's neck!

Taking a bit of moist rouge on the finger tips of those strange hands, Glenda worked it into her cheeks. But when she had finished, the circles were too sharply outlined against the pallor of her skin. It was unreal—a pasted-on mask! With a hurried movement she wiped it off. Her skin was left with an almost greenish luster—like silver. Jeff was crazy about this skin of hers.

"Jeff!" she thought again.

"Jeff!" and her breathing became stifled. She had thought she loved him before—enough to last her whole life. But that was nothing! Only now did she realize what love really meant! With Death behind her—and Death before her—and in between just six short days into which she wanted to squeeze all that made up Life!

The telephone rang. Glenda started in deadly alarm. She would always be frightened in this house from now on—of everything that came or happened! But the call was nothing.

"Mr. Baxter's in the lobby. Shall he come up?" asked the telephone girl.

"No; I'll be right down," Glenda hastened to reply. For the next few moments she did nothing but foolish, silly little motions with her hands: things dropped; locks wouldn't close; objects seemed to resist her! Then came a knock at the door. Again that start of alarm. She opened the door. It was Jeff—wearing the blue coat of rough wool and the soft gray hat, just as she had imagined it! And then he laughed!

There was something remarkable about Jeff Baxter's laugh. It had that rare, conquering quality which characterizes the serious-minded. Glenda had been held under the spell of that laugh ever since she first heard it. That was in court, when Jeff had proved the innocence of the nineteen-year-old Negro, James Houston, on trial for the murder of the waitress, Patsy Floyd.

He also had laughed when he persuaded her they should be married at sea by his friend Captain Buchanan. And now he stood within the door ready to take her, and laughed again!

"Hello, Glen," he said. "Not ready?"

Glenda smiled faintly.

"Yes; but why did you come up? I didn't need you here."

Jeffrey's tone was playfully flippant:

"Oh, yes, you did need me! I'll bet you couldn't close your trunk! No woman can close her trunk!"

"You've traveled about with women a good deal, then?"

Her question was casual but full of meaning as she watched him snap the lock of her trunk with masculine expertness. She loved the way his hands moved; his short finger nails. She loved every tiny detail about him. She was positively mad about him!

Forcing herself to fall in with his merry mood, she had voiced the question—but his remark had made her jealous! Her eyes blazed.

JEFFREY became magnanimous. "Have I traveled about with women? Any number of them. Why, my mother dragged me through all of Europe and half the Orient. She tried so hard to instill culture into me, too, but was never able to close a trunk—just like Glen! And she always had the traveling fever—just like Glen!"

Glenda became defensive.

"I haven't the traveling fever!"

Jeffrey took both her hands in his.

"Is that so?" he asked playfully, and raised her trembling fingers to her eyes.

Glenda felt that, somehow, she must explain this nervousness on her part.

"What makes me tremble so today, Jeff?" she asked suddenly.

Jeffrey kissed her hands tenderly but did not answer. The muscles in his face tightened. More than anything else did Glenda love this sign of repressed passion.

"Say farewell to your apartment. You'll never see it again."

Jeff spoke from within the doorframe where he stood. Outside a man was waiting for the trunk.

"No, never again," returned Glenda, but she didn't look back. She walked close behind Jeff along the corridor to the elevator.

Suddenly she stopped short. In a flash it had occurred to her that she had forgotten her cigarette case in Leo Young's apartment! She remembered it distinctly. The cigarette case was lying on the writing desk, a small flat thing of gold with her monogram! It had been a birthday gift from Jeff!

But she could not return for it now. The net was closing in about her! A bullet in the back of the dead man; one in his chest! Her fingerprints on the revolver; her fingerprints in the files of the police; a cigarette case with her name on the desk! And Jeffrey had bought that cigarette case!

Jeff—dragged into this horrible mire! Jeff's name—his reputation—his future!

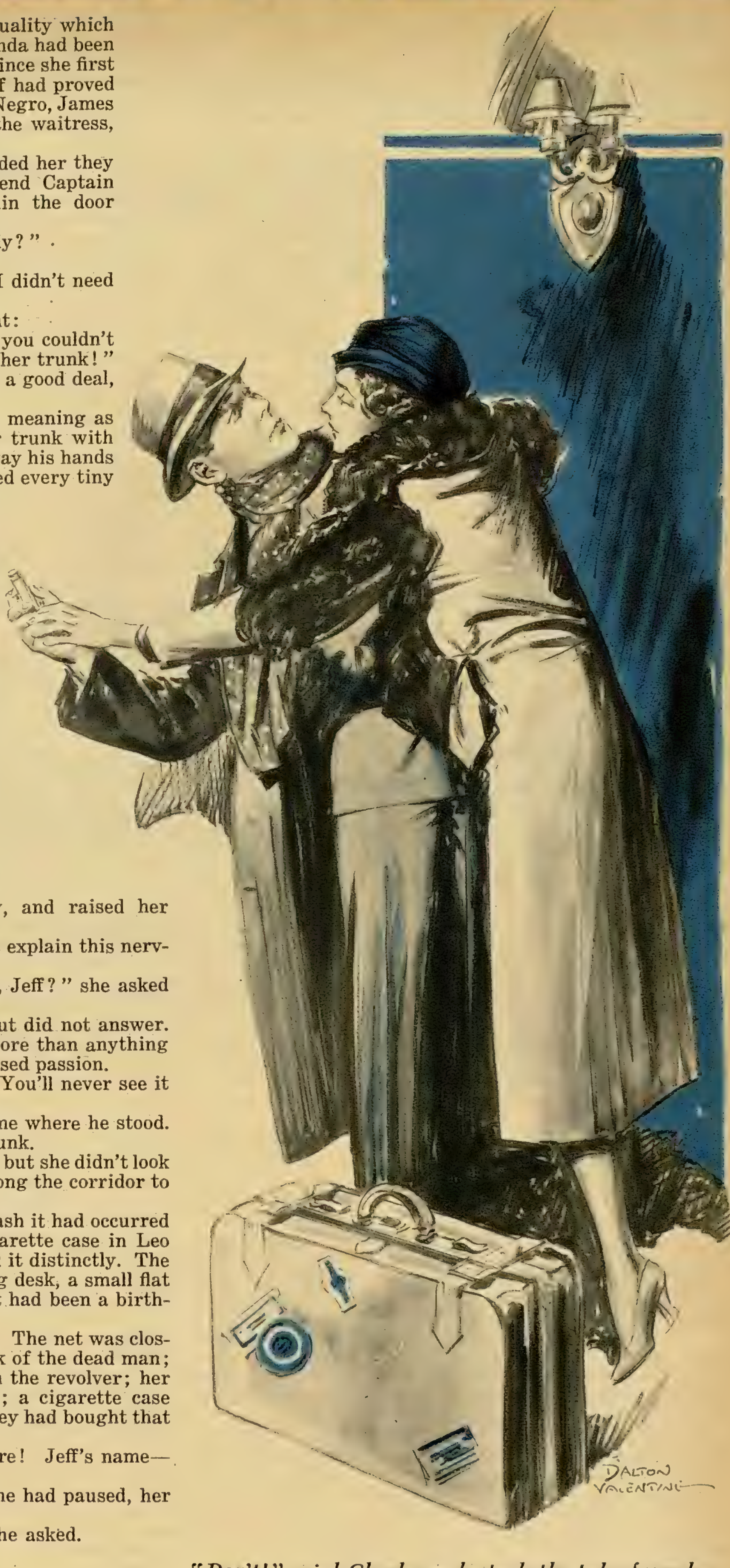
Jeffrey had turned toward her as she had paused, her small traveling case in his hand.

"Forgotten something, darling?" he asked.

Glenda looked up, startled.

"Yes—yes! I must go back."

"Can't I?"



"Don't!" cried Glenda, as he took the tube from her hand. The word was a horrified scream.

"No! No! You wait here!" she said hastily, and as if with afterthought: "It's bad luck to go back!"

Jeff smiled.

"Superstitious?" he asked with a twinkle.

"Yes—just today," she answered. Desperately she tried to get herself in hand.

"Don't faint!" she cautioned herself. "Don't give in! Don't lose consciousness!" And keeping herself rigid and erect by sheer force of will, she returned to her apartment. Jeff put down her bag and followed.

"What is it? Will it take long? We've very little time," he reminded her, but without impatience.

"I won't be long. I have—some headache powders. I want to take them along," she answered quickly.

Jeffrey looked searchingly into her pale face.

"Don't you feel well, darling? It's been too much—these last few days. I've driven you too much. Tomorrow, right after the wedding, you're going to be placed in a deck chair and terribly spoiled."

"Yes—tomorrow—" Glenda returned absent-mindedly. They again stood within her room. Glenda crossed to one of the larger trunks which was waiting, ready to be called for, and opened it. The small keys jingled as she fumbled with them in her icy hands.

VICKI BAUM

Vicki Baum was born in Vienna but now lives in the United States and has announced her intention of becoming a citizen. She is married to a director of the Berlin Opera Company and is the mother of two boys, who are in school here. She began writing at twenty and was editor of a German fashion magazine when she wrote Grand Hotel which became a best seller.

"Are you going to take one of those now?" Jeff asked anxiously, as she handled the small tube of white pills.

"Now? I—no—I haven't—I mean I'm feeling well," she murmured lamely. "It's just a precaution—if we are out on the boat. It would be too bad if I should have a headache on one of our six days, wouldn't it?"

"Our six days? But these are only the first ones. And then comes six months, then six years, and again another six years. Better give me one of those. I have a headache. Too much trouble at the office before my departure."

"Don't!" cried Glenda, as he took the tube from her hand. The word was a horrified scream. Her lips grew deathly white. "*Don't!*" And she snatched the small innocent-looking glass tube from his hand.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Sorry if I've made you nervous," he murmured contritely as Glenda tucked the pills into a hidden recess within her bag. They were better than the revolver—far better. They were the only good thing that she had saved from her relations with the thief and impostor, Bill Ramley! Six days of stolen happiness, and then—two of these pills!

Glenda was again walking toward the elevator as she mentally pronounced the death sentence upon herself—pronounced it before the court of justice was given the opportunity. Jeffrey impatiently pressed the button which was to summon the elevator.

"We do not want to miss our passage to paradise, darling," he said tenderly, as he slipped an arm through hers, and they descended.

THE Corinthia was a boat of twelve thousand tons, painted white, and furnished inside with a certain measure of old splendor. Dutifully it carried its freight of tourists out on the open ocean. But Captain Buchanan didn't think much of the ship—not as much as a captain should think of his own boat, and he didn't think very much of his passengers either! The fact was that Captain Buchanan had been pursued by ill luck. He had run a large steamer into a sand bank outside of Southampton, and it had taken three days to clear the boat, which had cost the company a considerable amount of money. It was downright bad luck and the devil's own work. In the same month three other ships had gone aground on this mysterious sand bank, and then the menace had vanished as though it had never been present. But Captain Buchanan had been dropped by his company, and it was purely a matter of favor that he was now permitted to sail this old tub.

However, the Corinthia was one of the jolliest old ships which left the docks. All creatures came aboard in pairs. Always a male and a female—like on Noah's Ark!

Even the older couples who appeared now and then, when they could afford a pleasure trip and take a vacation, sported gay traveling caps and assumed enterprising looks.

An orchestra played on the promenade deck as the Corinthia glided out of dock. A few who in farewell had celebrated a little too fervently, thought the boat was already rocking in the high seas.

Jeffrey had engaged two adjoining cabins on A Deck—the best he could procure. They were not large, but warm and friendly, with their white lacquer and nickel, and the dainty flowered cretonnes before the portholes and covering the narrow berths.

Glenda had immediately taken a seat on hers, just as soon as the steward had brought in the traveling trunks and again left the cabin. The door between Jeff's cabin and her own stood open. The woman could see him in the mirror as he brushed back his glossy hair, took out his night garments and placed them, ready, upon his bed, then lighted a cigarette.

Jeff met her look in the mirror and began to smile. Glenda extended a hand, and he hurried through the door to her. Although he was five years older than she, the woman could not help but think how much younger he seemed—almost a hundred years younger. And he was obviously embarrassed! She could sense that in the very manner in which he puffed his cigarette, in his bearing, and in the familiar, almost defiant expression about his mouth. She wished so very much that he would kiss her! He stooped down to her, and she raised her face to his, took the cigarette from between his fingers, and waited. She observed that his face paled slightly as he bent over her and drank in her loveliness.

"Well, Jeff?" she prompted softly.

JEFFREY BAXTER'S heart beat violently within his breast. He was overcome by the intensity of his feeling for this charming creature. He grew dizzy with happiness. She was so provokingly sweet and beautiful, with that silvery luster of her skin. As he bent closer he could see the diminutive reflection of his figure mirrored in the pools of her eyes. She closed her eyes and kissed him. Jeffrey Baxter was a serious-minded man. His demeanor, discipline, sternness with self were the staffs by which he guided his well ordered life. His profession had made him a keen judge of men, and he knew of how much dust man is made.

As severe as he was with himself, as indulgent had he become with others. He had the inborn instinct and patience of a gold digger who washes away sand and mud time and again, until pure gold finally appears. He was always ready when his clients needed him, but never found time for himself.

It was into this concentrated life that his love for Glenda had come—suddenly—like a storm, an earthquake, a tempest, the bursting of a dike, or a flood! True, Glenda was not the woman his mother would have selected for him had she been living to direct his choice; perhaps she was not the woman he himself would have chosen in his saner past. But since it was decreed that he should love Glenda, he loved her all the more for her past. She had waded through the mire up to her knees, but she had come out unsoiled. Her kiss was new and perfectly pure. Of that he was certain.

The ship had entered the open sea and began to rock softly, sleepily. The paneling of the walls creaked faintly and rhythmically. Glenda's hands were clasped about Jeff's neck, her fingers stroked his hair, and she was kissing him. There was much tenderness in her caresses, but no desire within her. She was tired—just tired!

She would have liked to have gone on this way forever—rocked—swayed—her face nestled close to his coat lapel, which smelled so faintly of cigarettes. She felt utter contentment. Her heart was at rest. She didn't even realize that she was crying. Quiet tears coursed down her pallid cheeks without effort, without suffering.

Jeff gently disengaged himself. His voice held a note of concern.

"Why the tears, darling?"

Smilingly she shook her head. She could not speak. He took his handkerchief and dried her cheeks as one would a baby's.

"Come, look at me," he pleaded.

She opened her eyes obediently. His face was very close to hers. In a glance she had taken in every little detail—the eyebrows, which were somewhat too heavy and so ridiculously light; the three anxious lines across his forehead which met above the bridge of his nose, so much resembling the outline of a sea gull. But while she gazed another picture interposed—a cruel one from the past! It fastened itself upon her eyes as though painted there, and she could not shake it from her vision!

"What do you see in my eyes?" she asked anxiously.

Jeff took her face between his two palms.

"Myself—and that you love me," he whispered.

The lower part of the cabin door was latticed to admit the air. Behind this latticework could be seen the feet of people as they passed by on their way to and from their cabins. Their merry voices floated distinctly in. Music could also be heard. It seemed to be playing in the saloon of the ship for those who wished to dance on their first night at sea. Jeff disengaged himself from Glenda.

"Come," he said authoritatively; "slip on a coat. Let's go up on deck."

A cool, soft, moist breeze blew along the empty promenade deck. A few lights on the coast could still be seen, but they disappeared from view as the boat glided into a heavy fog bank.

Jeffrey put an arm about Glenda, and led her up the narrow companionway to the upper deck.

"Where are we going?" she asked curiously.

"We'll say good evening to Captain Buchanan."

They reached the upper deck and walked past the lifeboats to the captain's bridge. Here a strong but warm wind swept across the deck, brushing Glenda's hair from her forehead and touching her as if with a moist hand. Her face became almost spiritual in expression—pure and courageous—as it appeared in the half light of a ship's lantern and then disappeared again into the darkness. Baxter looked at her admiringly.

"To the captain?" she repeated. "But it must be awfully late."

"It isn't two o'clock yet. Besides, Buchanan's a good sport. He'll marry us now," Jeff answered.

His intention came to her as a complete surprise. The small gate separating the commander's bridge from other sections of the deck was all that stood between them and marriage! Glenda clutched at Jeff's sleeve as though he were sinking in the waters before her very eyes!

"No, Jeff! You're crazy! Not now! Tomorrow!"

JEFFREY stopped and looked at her intently. She perceived the almost childishly defiant curve of his mouth—that expression which Jeff always assumed when he had some difficult task that must be undertaken.

"Yes. Now. At once," he said firmly. "I'm crazy, Glen! Let's both be crazy. I've been sensible all my life, dear. I don't want to have to be sensible with you another hour!"

But Glenda knew just one thing—that she couldn't marry Jeff! Not now! Her nerves had had a brief span of rest in Jeff's arms, down there in the cabin. Now they grew tense, almost to the snapping point.

"I shall have to jump into the water!" she thought, half crazed, as she groped for a solution. She attempted to say something—she didn't remember what. Before she could utter a word, somewhere close at hand a foghorn boomed into the night. A sailor suddenly appeared from out of the darkness and walked up to Jeff.

"Passengers are not permitted up here," he informed him gruffly.

"I know," Jeff replied, "but I'm an old friend of the captain. Give him this card and tell him I'm very eager to see him."

Again the foghorn sounded warningly.

"Very well," returned the seaman irresolutely; "but I don't believe the old man's receiving any visitors tonight. He's got to get this boat out of this fog first!"

Leaving them, he groped his way back through the darkness and disappeared up the steps leading to the bridge. Jeff looked after him eagerly. He had half turned from Glenda. She slipped her moist hand into his. A warm nest it made—a protected home. He turned again to her with a laugh.

"Well, let's get ready!"

A moment later an officer came up. He was second in command, and conveyed the captain's greetings:

He couldn't leave the bridge in this damned uncertain weather, and the damned tub must be watched very closely. But the captain was damned glad that Baxter was aboard, and if they were out of this pea-soup weather by four o'clock, he'd ask Baxter to have breakfast with him. Good night.

And the officer was again swallowed up in the darkness! But to Glenda it did not matter that the second officer was a stout, red-faced mariner, for to her he was an angel of deliverance!

THEY were now caught in a thick, enveloping fog. The decks were wet and slippery. Jeff took Glenda's arm and assisted her back down the companionway. On the deserted, silent deck below he stopped, took her into his arms and kissed her tenderly.

Glenda was so tired, her nerves so unstrung, that she felt swept away—as though the deck floor had vanished from beneath her feet! Gently she disengaged herself, and in silence they returned to her cabin. Jeff entered with her. The small reading lamp over the bed was still alight. The steward had pulled the coverlets down and laid her nightgown out across the bed.

"Glenda!"—Jeff's tones were soft. "This is our little home!"

They stood in the center of the cabin, but neither spoke.

An infinite desire swept over her to be with him; to share every valuable minute of these six days with him—yet at the same time she wanted to be alone, to be able to think, make plans and adjust herself. It was just a moment's hesitation.

"I'm very tired tonight!"

Jeffrey looked at her searchingly, almost pensively, then began to smile.

"Of course," he replied with solicitude. "Good night, Glen. Sleep well, for tomorrow's our wedding day!"

Walking over to the door, which still stood ajar between the two cabins, he closed it, turned the key in the lock, and returned to her side. With a gesture half knightly, half in jest, he placed the key in the palm of her hand and closed her fingers over it, then quickly withdrew through the outer door.

He was gone! And Glenda yearned to call him back—but she did not!

In next week's installment Zane Grey and Viña Delmar will tell of Glenda's exciting first day at sea.

NEXT WEEK—

THE PATRONAGE RACKET

Facts and figures about the spoils system at Washington by the author of Congress Cashes In

also

How Safe Is Your Savings Bank?

A depositor conducts an investigation and uncovers some cheering information

By

Henry Mills

and

The first of a new series of comedies featuring

The Potters

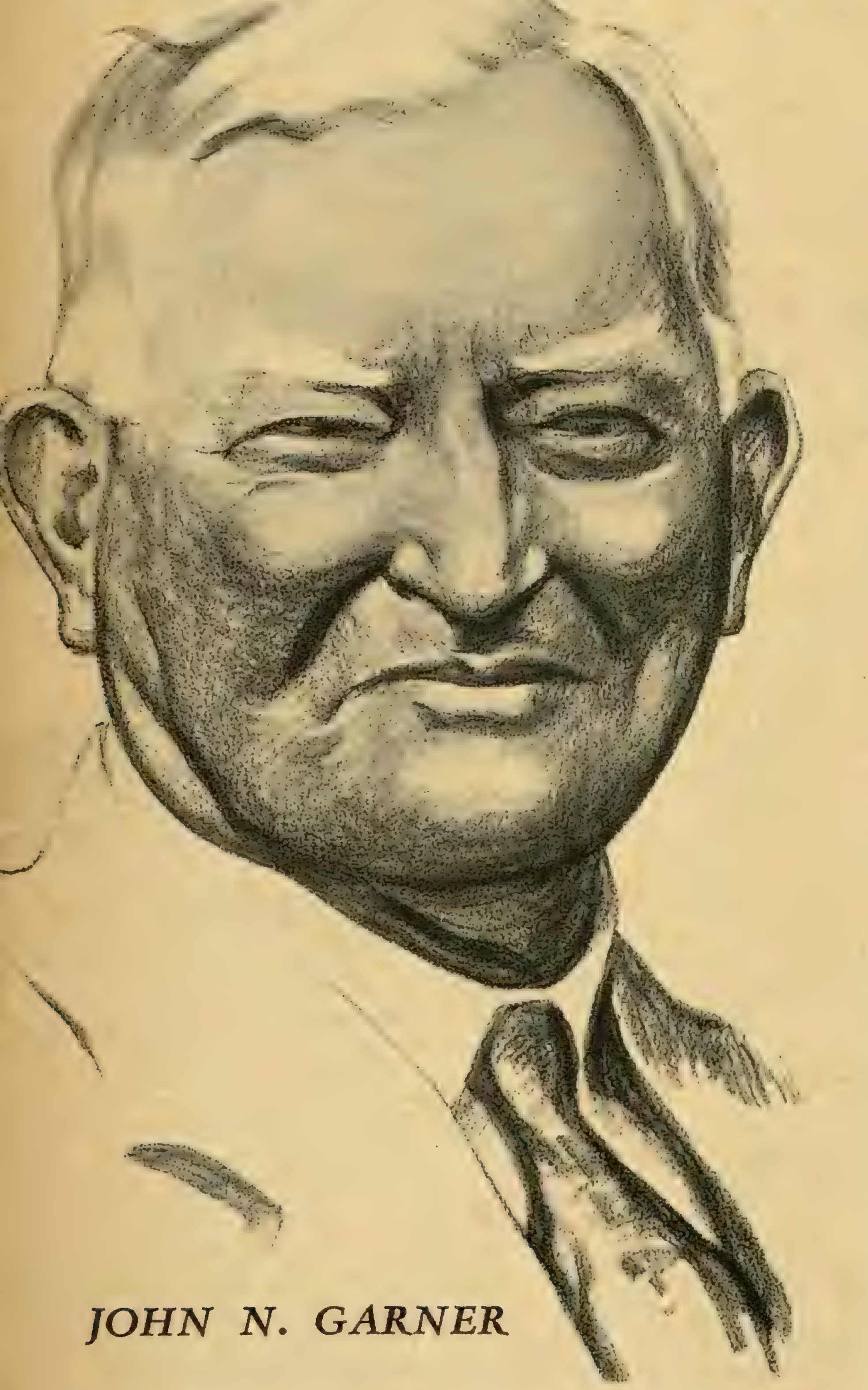
By

J. P. McEvoy

Why MY HUSBAND

The Future Second Lady of the Land Tells What She Thinks of Speaker Garner

Drawings by FRED HAMILTON



JOHN N. GARNER

(Reading time: 5 minutes 50 seconds.)

IT is obvious that Mrs. Garner lives not for herself but for her husband. She is not merely a glorified secretary but a wife.

"Why," I asked, "do you think Mr. Garner would make a good President?"

Mrs. Garner looked at me with shrewd, kindly eyes.

"Mr. Garner," she said, "will make a good Vice President because he would make a good President.

"It has happened only once in our history that a member of Congress stepped from the Speakership into the White House. Polk was Speaker before he was President. But I do not recall that any man exchanged his Speaker's gavel for that of the Vice President."

She immediately called up someone in charge of the records in Congress to verify her statement.

"I do not think"—she smiled—"that it is merely wifely prejudice which makes me think that Mr. Garner compares not unfavorably with other Vice Presidents. Mr. Garner has the wholesome philosophy of Coolidge and the knowledge of legislative machinery of Curtis. He works as hard as Marshall, and the vigor of his vocabulary need not shun comparison with that of Mr. Dawes. But," Mrs. Garner chuckled happily, "unlike Dawes, he will not be caught napping."

Mr. Dawes, it will be remembered, announced the lively things he would do in the Senate. But on the one occasion when, owing to an equal division, his voice was needed, he could not be found!

"Mr. Garner," his spouse and secretary continued, "does not seek the limelight. But he will not be resigned to be a mere looker-on."

One Vice President said: "I am merely the President's 'eater.' I go to the banquets which the President cannot attend."

"Mr. Garner," his wife insisted, "will be nobody's 'eater.' When he eats he eats for himself. He will assume such social duties as devolve upon him. But he will be a good deal more interested in the welfare of the country than in his social calendar."

"Then," I remarked, "there will be no repetition of the battle royal between Mrs. Gann and Mrs. Longworth after you become the second lady in the land?"

The idea amused Mrs. Garner. "I took no sides in that battle. Trifles of that type do not seem important to me or to Mr. Garner. I shall wage no fight for social supremacy. I shall continue to be his helpmeet.

"The next administration has a heavy task before it. Mr. Garner will do his best to assist Mr. Roosevelt in the task of reclaiming the country from Republican misrule and freeing it from its sore distress. He will try to restore the Vice Presidency to its original importance. Owing to an early change in the Constitution, the office lost much of its vitality.

"Our Vice Presidents do not ordinarily play an important, constructive part in the government. Obviously the Vice President should be the middleman between the President and the legislative branch of the government. Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt will call upon Mr. Garner for advice on legislative matters.

"This will not be a new undertaking for my husband. Under the Wilson administration Mr. Garner, then ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, was the liaison officer between the President and the House of Representatives, because Mr. Wilson and the Speaker, Champ Clark, did not see eye to eye. In those days Mr. Garner spent many hours in the White House.

"Since then, his work as Speaker has enabled him to familiarize himself intimately not merely with the leg-

By MRS. JOHN N. GARNER

As told to

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

will make a good Vice PRESIDENT

islative mechanism but with the personal equation in both the House and the Senate.

"No man has more friends in both. His experience, his masterful knowledge of our government and its machinery, reënforced by his personal contacts, should make his coöperation invaluable for any administration.

"Mr. Wilson frequently lacked the coöperation of Congress. Mr. Roosevelt will have it. With Mr. Garner as his ally he can bridge the abyss between the executive and the legislative branches of the government. Certainly in an emergency like the present they must pull together, and they will if Mr. Garner presides over the Senate as he presided over the House, and if he retains the affection of his friends."

ENEMIES of Mr. Garner have tried to paint him as a dangerous man, a Red. All that is nonsense. It comes from the same source as the campaign ballyhoo about Roosevelt's radicalism.

"Mr. Garner"—as his wife sees him—"is a progressive conservative. He would not have been on intimate terms with Nicholas Longworth if he had been a Red. Mr. Garner began life in humble surroundings. By dint of hard labor he made his way in the world and slowly, cent by cent, accumulated a little fortune. Men of this type are not dangerous radicals.

"While Mr. Garner is a conservative, he also realizes that government is a growing thing and the child's swaddling clothes do not fit the man. The government was made for the people, not the people for the government.

"But as a student of American history Mr. Garner deals reverently with the institutions which this country has evolved laboriously. They are in no danger from him. They are in far more danger from reactionaries.

"It is ridiculous to accuse Mr. Garner of encouraging governmental extravagances! It was Garner who first suggested retrenchment, even before Congress met. He applies in his public duties the same economy which regulates his private life. Mr. Hoover has called Mr. Garner's relief bill 'pork-barrel legislation.' Evidently Mr. Hoover did not know that every item in the Garner relief bill, with the exception of a few million dollars, had been previously approved by the administration. If it was pork-barrel legislation, then Mr. Hoover must squarely shoulder the responsibility with Mr. Garner.

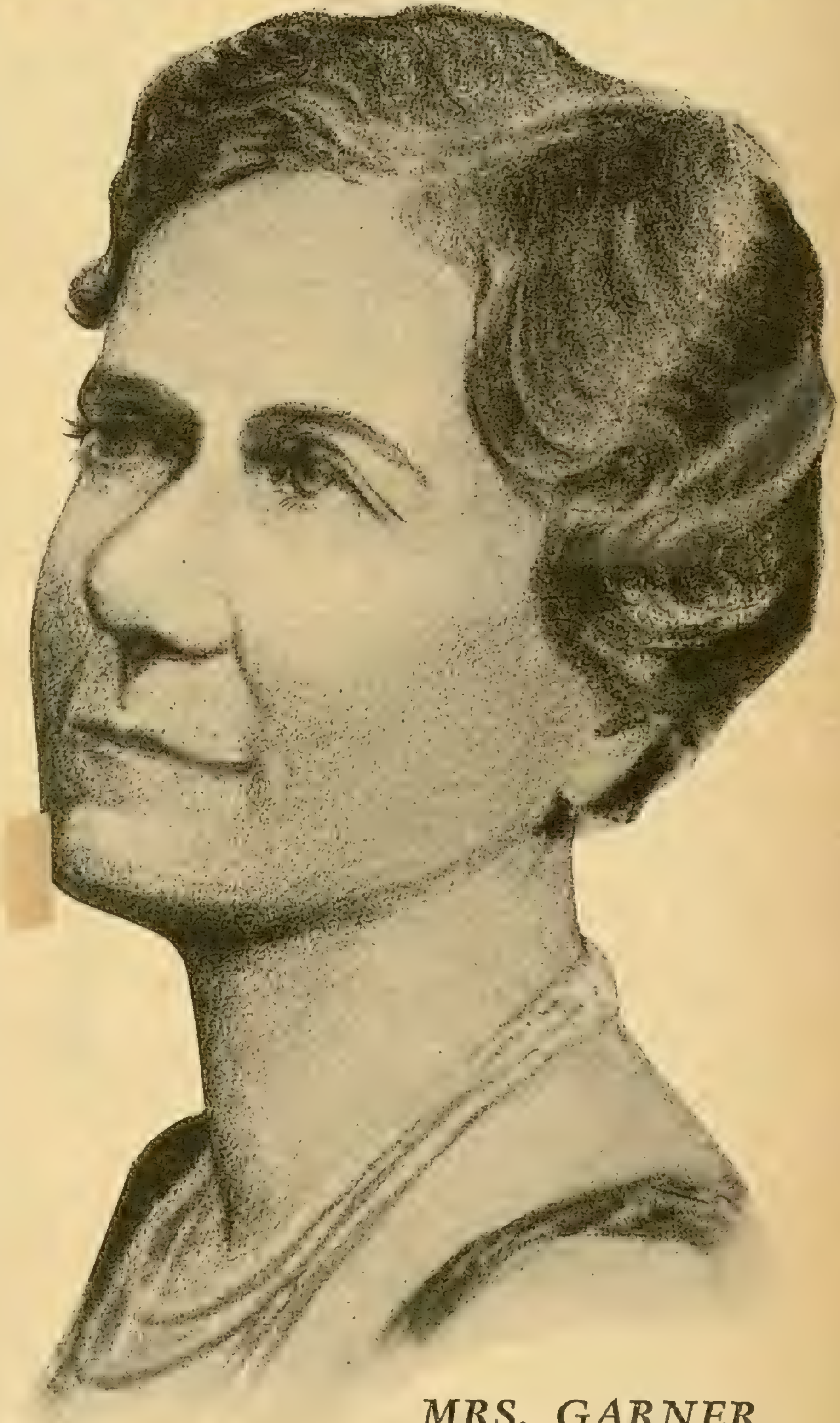
"Since Mr. Garner has taken over the office of Speaker," Mrs. Garner wistfully admitted, "even I see him only a few minutes in the morning and a few minutes at night. In the last few years he has had practically no private life, at least not when Congress was in session. He has given his all to the public.

"He enlivened the campaign because he is a good fighter. But he is not a good hater. He is not a hater at all. The men who are his enemies in his campaigns usually become his friends afterward.

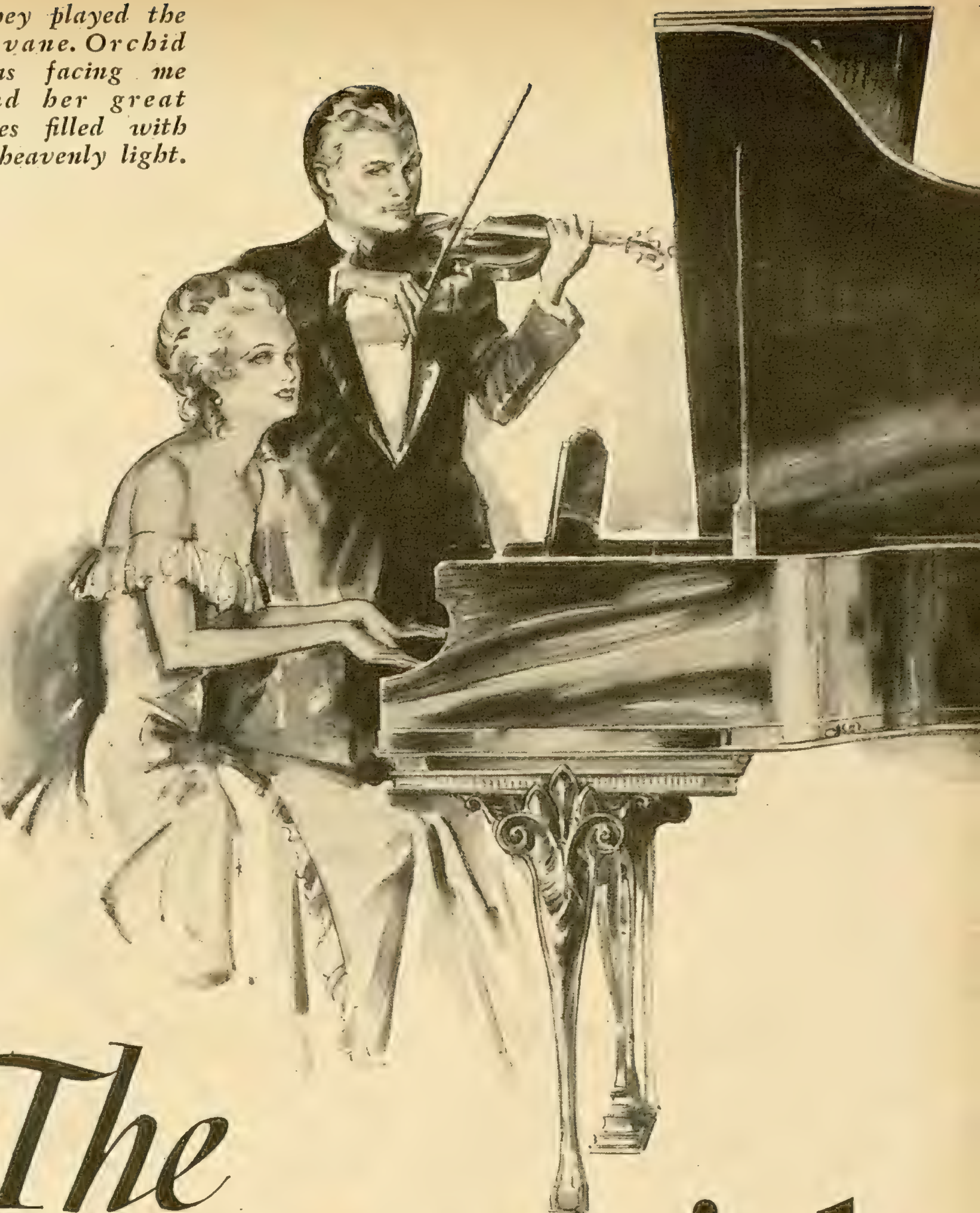
"Mr. Garner speaks no foreign language except a little Spanish. I can understand German, which I have inherited from my father, whose ancestors were German. I speak a little French. Perhaps such slight knowledge of languages as I have will be of some help to Mr. Garner as Vice President.

"I know that he will need me. His life will be as creative as it is now, though he prefers deeds to blue prints and rhetoric."

THE END



MRS. GARNER



They played the pavane. Orchid was facing me and her great eyes filled with a heavenly light.

The Languid

By FRED MACISAAC

(Reading time: 21 min. 40 sec.)

IT had come to pass in our town of Ispahan, Long Island, that one couldn't enter a refined home without stumbling over masculine phenomena with whom the daughters of the household were infatuated.

But I remained unconcerned until Luella Langham went into a smear over a Bulgarian with a Stradivarius.

For three or four years I had been contemplating matrimony with Luella, who was my kind of girl, which means that she was hearty and witty and lively and reasonable. If her hair verged toward the red, it was a lovely color. I considered Luella a high-class job warranted to wear and which ought to be easy to drive, and certainly supposed her the last girl in Ispahan who was likely to lose her mind.

So it was without a premonition that I pushed my way into Langhams' one evening and found Count Ronald Yaneski playing a rondo on his fiddle.

Old man Langham, his dress shirt bulging like the belly of a bullfrog, was in agony upon a divan. Mother Langham was lolling in a big chair, moaning in ecstasy. And my Luella was bent double over the piano and was gazing goofily into the object's eyes.

For a catgut scraper, the fellow was not bad. He was tall, with well groomed yellow hair and round china-blue eyes.

"Pardon me," I requested in some confusion. "I heard music, but I thought it was the radio."

There was a cacophonous squeal from the fiddle as the performer squelched his cadenza, a vicious hiss from Mrs. Langham, and a poisonous glare from my pal Luella.

"Continue, dear Count," she pleaded. "This is only an idiot named Waldo Russell."

But the Count shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Miss Langham," he said, "but I have lost the mood."

Fortunately dinner was announced immediately, and Mrs. Langham led in her honored guest, while Luella ignored me and strode in alone, leaving me to amble along with Father Langham.

"Young feller," he whispered, "first time I was ever glad to see you tumble in. That guy don't know any good tunes."

I gathered from the general chatter that Yaneski was a new and sensational concert artist over whom my future wife had gone balmy, and during the next ten days I was forced to concede that the Bulgarian had edged me out neatly and completely.

Week-ends he was visiting the Langhams and the rest of the time he motored down from New York and went home on the last train. After a few attempts to carry on as usual I quit calling and wandered around in a semi-comatose condition.

While in more or less of a trance I stumbled over Orchid Resson, who was sitting on the grass with a tree at her back, studying nothing less than the full score of a Strauss tone poem. Orchid was a cute little trick that I'd danced with occasionally, and whom now and then I had allowed to follow me around the golf course.

"I'm using this tree," she asserted, "but there is one over there with a convenient branch and you can get a rope from the professional."

"What for?" I asked like an idiot.

"I thought you might be looking for an attractive place to hang yourself," she replied with a heartless chuckle.

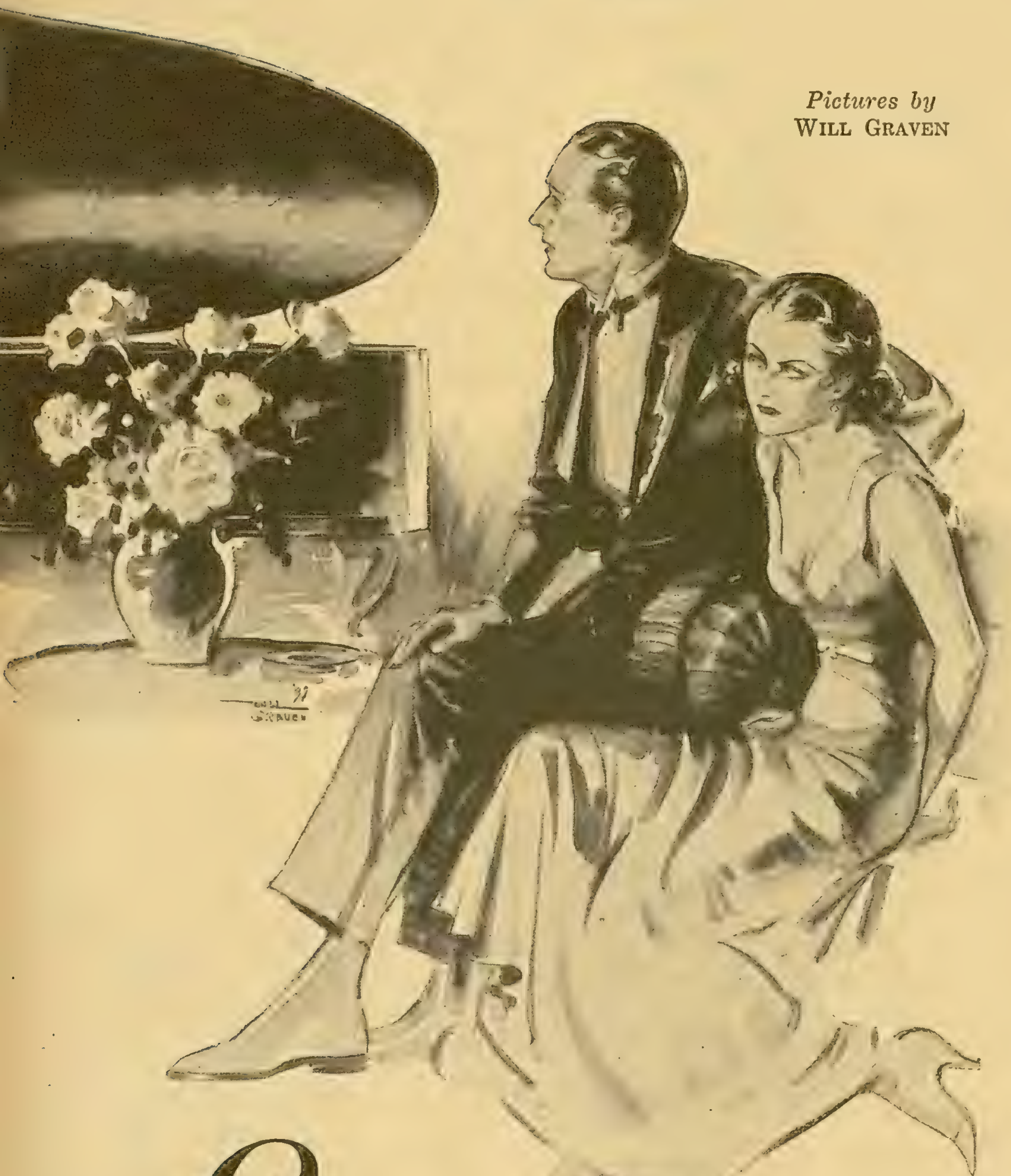
I laughed obligingly and dropped on the grass beside her.

"Do I look so desperate?" I asked. "Close that book, please. I hate music."

She slammed the big book closed and looked up at me impishly. "Naturally," she observed. "Though this is not violin music."

A Story of a Clever Girl Who Set Her Romance to Music

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



Lover

"You're a woman," I said mournfully. "Maybe you can tell me what she sees in that big Bulgarian."

Orchid gazed at me unsympathetically.

"Serve you right," she remarked. "Luella would have married you any time you asked her to. I don't suppose you woke up until Yaneski came upon the scene."

"I didn't think there was any hurry— What the deuce are you laughing at?"

"Never mind, Wally. I'm sorry for you. Usually a girl has to take a horrible human specimen along with a title," she observed. "In this case it goes with a very handsome young man. Who wouldn't want to be the Countess Yaneski?"

"Would you?"

"Certainly. Besides, I adore music."

"And so does Luella," I said bitterly.

Orchid laughed scornfully. "She does not," she asserted. "She has read a lot of criticisms and looked up musical terms in a dictionary, but she can't carry a tune."

"You're jealous."

She laughed gayly. "Am I? Well, Waldo, just contrast the gorgeous personality of the great artist Count Yaneski with the—er—shall I say nondescript individuality of one Waldo Russell—"

"What did I ever do to you?"

"Just ignored me for years. You wouldn't be talking to me now if you hadn't fallen over me. I don't say you are hard to look at, but are you a Count? Are you even a dashing character? Have you ever done anything worth while? Can you carry a girl off her feet? You've been mooning around Luella for four years. You are a pleasant, wholesome American boy who is rich and good-natured and much more likely to make Luella happy than a Bulgarian musician. You haven't a chance."

"Old man Langham is for me," I boasted.

ORCHID manufactured a sound known as the raspberry. "Luella will marry him," she said solemnly, "unless—"

"Yes. Go on."

"Unless you have an idea. Have you?"

"No," I admitted.

"You need me," she asserted. "Suppose you take me over to Langhams' this afternoon. The Count is there. I saw him drive by my house. You make a fuss over me—"

"That's a hot idea," I said with a rude laugh.

"Why not? Aren't I pretty?"

With a stolid honesty I told her the truth: "You consist of a mop of yellow hair and a pair of blue eyes that are too big for your face. Your mouth is too small and your nose turns up. You're no bigger than a pint of peanuts. You mean well and I'm obliged to you, but Luella knows that I like 'em beautiful."

Orchid's big eyes snapped and her lip trembled.

"All right," she said, after a minute of pregnant silence. "Run your own show."

"But I don't know what to do," I said pitifully.

"Do what I suggest," she snapped.

"Well, I suppose I can make a bluff, but I won't get away with it. Why should you put yourself out for me? You don't like me much."

Orchid smiled cloyingly. "But I do. You're dull but rather nice. And Luella is a friend of mine."

I looked her in the eye and she blushed. "Hooey," I retorted. "What is your game, you little weasel?"

She met my eyes squarely. She really has beautiful eyes.

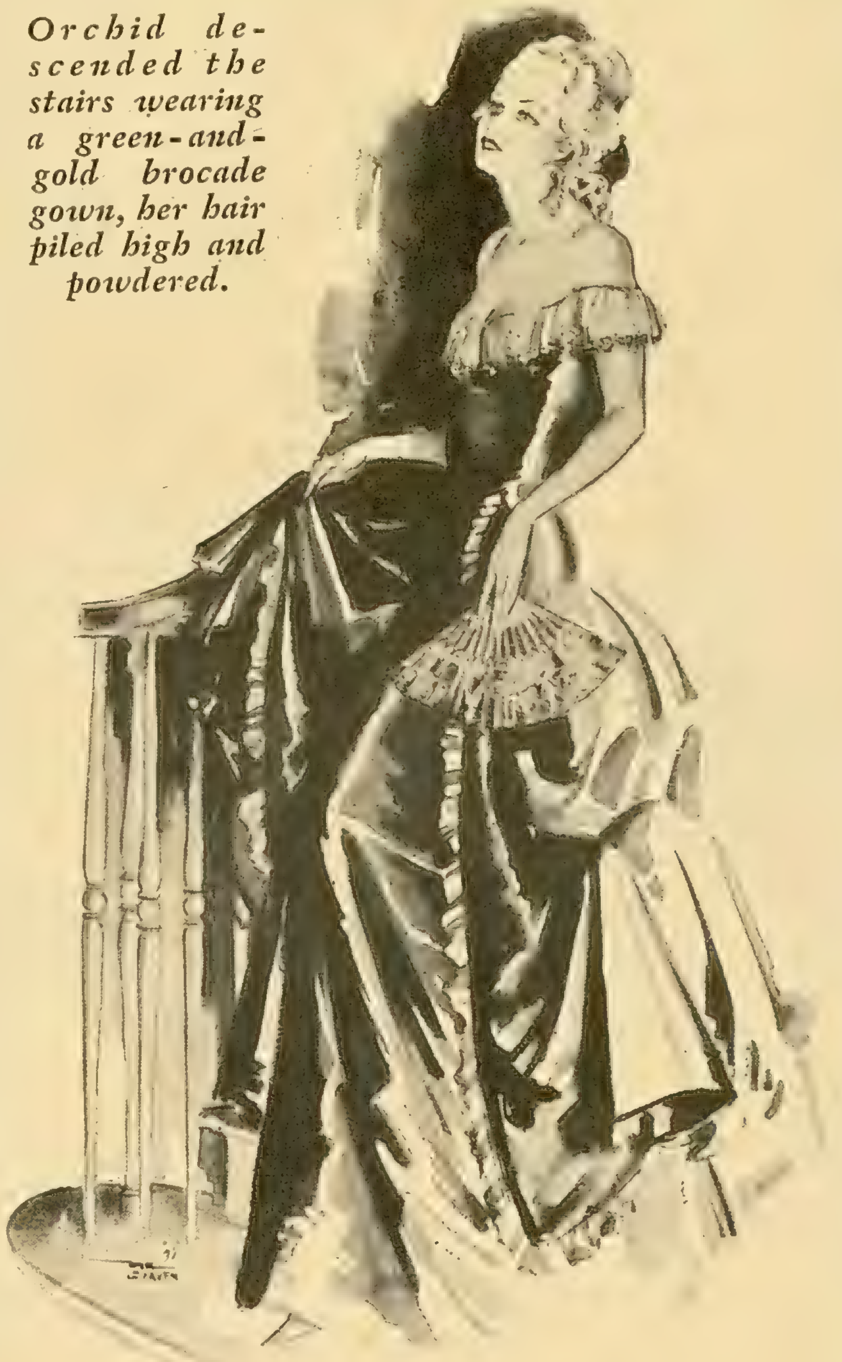
"Luella," she said, "is a cat. She knows I am a musician and that I would adore meeting Yaneski, and she has been careful not to let me near him. Would it break your heart if I got him away from her?"

"Come on!" I cried enthusiastically.

An hour later we drove up to Langhams' and found Yaneski on the porch nursing a highball, while Luella was sitting as near to him as she could get and talking a blue streak.

She looked startled and displeased when she saw with whom I was arriving, and then she laughed very significantly and demanded, " How long has this been going on? "

" Wally and I? " asked Orchid innocently. " Why, we've always been great friends."



Orchid descended the stairs wearing a green-and-gold brocade gown, her hair piled high and powdered.

" News to me," retorted Luella snippishly. " Count, may I present you to my dear friend Orchid Resson? "

Yaneski bent over her hand.

" This is marvelous, Count," gushed Orchid. " I heard you at the Salle Pleyel in Paris and I haven't missed one of your New York recitals."

Luella looked me over suspiciously. " What's the idea? "

" Oh, I was bumping along and collided with Orchid. The kid is crazy about music and wanted to meet his lordship."

" If I wished her to meet him, I have her telephone number," she replied.

" Listen! They're talking German! "

Luella cast an angry glance at her Count. She turned her back on me and barged into the twosome.

" Really, children," she said archly, " I should think the English language would be adequate. Orchid, you know that Wally doesn't understand German."

Yaneski looked concerned. " Pardon, my friends," he said. " It is most unusual to meet an American young lady who speaks German and French with fluency."

" You're all coming over to my house after dinner," declared Orchid. " I have an original manuscript of Paganini's which the Count is eager to see."

" That would be lovely," Luella said evenly, " but unfortunately the Count and I have an engagement—"

Yaneski spread out his arms in a gesture of appeal. " To see a manuscript of Paganini's I would break any engagement, but I did not know—I regret—"

" Then of course we shall break this one," Luella answered with a fine affectation of enthusiasm. " Count, don't you think that Orchid and Wally make a charming couple? "

The violinist's eyes twinkled and his white teeth flashed in a broad smile. If he hadn't embezzled my inamorata, I could have liked the fellow.

" Whoever has the friendship of Miss Resson is to be congratulated," he said smoothly. " If you will pardon me, Miss Resson, you suggest to me a certain old French pavane arranged by Joachim for the violin. You know the number, Miss Langham? Opus Forty-three. I shall play it tonight."

" Come on, Wally," commanded Orchid. " Shall we look for you about nine? We are dining at a road house and won't be home much before then."

" Indeed," commented Luella. " Are you spending all of your time together nowadays? "

Orchid giggled. " Oh, Wally sleeps at home," she said brazenly.

" A good start," Orchid observed when we were driving away.

" It seems to me Luella was sort of nasty," I reflected aloud. " What the devil is a pavane? "

" A seventeenth-century dance. Don't bother your head about it. The point is that the Count is already interested in me. Wait till you see what I'm going to do to him tonight."

" I don't like to see a nice girl like you making a fuss over that Balkan brigand. What road house are we going to for dinner? "

" None, stupid. I'm going to need a lot of time to make my arrangements."

" Why not have dinner with me? "

" Some other time. There's the driveway—you almost passed it. Turn up about nine and keep Luella busy while I talk German to the Count. That's your job."

" Oh, all right," I said sullenly. " I'm getting sick of dining alone."

" You're going to get your Luella back, you know," she promised as she leaped out of the car.

As the Resson ancestors were shooting bridge somewhere, there was nobody to share my amazement when Orchid slowly descended the stairs wearing a green-and-gold brocade gown with panniers and with her hair pulled back from her forehead, piled high on top, and powdered until it was white as snow.

The brat was so fetching that I doubted her identity, and if I had been a gasper I would have gasped. I saw her eyes gleam at the technical knockout and I rallied like Tunney after the long count.

" If I had known that this would be a masquerade," I said airily, " I would have come as a pirate."

" I'm the pirate, Wally," she informed me, " but it would be silly to advertise the fact. In me you see the Spirit of the Pavane. I'm sure Yaneski will be pleased."

" The devil with Yaneski," I muttered. I couldn't keep my eyes off the witch.

" Hush! I hear them. Open the door, Wally, please. It's the maid's night off."

I admitted Luella and Yaneski.

" Quite at home, aren't you, Wally? " observed Luella. " Well, upon my word! " She was staring at the Spirit of the Pavane.

" Glorious! Magnificent!! Stupendous!!! " exclaimed the violinist. " Miss Resson, my felicitations."

" Hello, darling," exclaimed Orchid affectionately. " You don't mind if I dressed up a little? The Count promised to play me the pavane, you know."

" I'm sure you have a right to be as idiotic as you please in your own house," replied Luella, who threw off her cloak and stepped forth in a stunning black silk evening gown which had a trifle of front and no back and demonstrated how good God had been to my darling.

" But Miss Resson is charming," declared the Count.

Orchid laughed gayly and led us through into the library. She removed from her father's wall safe a lot of yellow music sheets at the sight of which Yaneski lost his equilibrium. He shouted something in an unknown tongue, ran back into the hallway for his fiddle, and, in a state of wild excitement, began to play from one of the manuscripts.

(Continued on page twenty)

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!
Frederic Stanley

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MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from page eighteen)

"No, no, Count," protested Orchid. "That's in the minor."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Luella. "Do you presume to criticize the Count?"

Yaneski bent over and stared at the music. "But the child is right," he declared. "She is a musician, this little one."

I regret to state that he performed every one of those deservedly extinct compositions, while Orchid gazed ecstatically into his broad countenance and Luella and I sat down on the couch and suffered in silence.

After a year or two he had used up all the manuscripts.

"And now for the pavane," he proposed, "though it would be better if I had an accompanist."

"But I'll play for you," Orchid astounded him by suggesting. "I know the number very well."

As she led the way back to the piano in the drawing-room, she threw me a significant glance. What she meant was that I should make hay with Luella while she vamped the Bulgarian. Luella slumped on a divan and I planted myself beside her. Theoretically, perhaps, it was my moment, being practically alone with her, but it is no time to pet a pussy cat when somebody has just snatched away her mouse.

They played the pavane, which was a cute little bundle of tinkle, and then opened a music book and started at page one. Orchid was facing me and her great eyes were filled with a heavenly light. As I gazed at Orchid and listened to Luella gnashing her teeth, it infuriated me to think that a ravishingly beautiful and mentally gifted girl like the Resson creature should be so lacking in judgment as to go after the big Bulgarian when there were plenty of fine American chaps available in Ispahan, and I became full of contrition over the dirty trick I had played on Luella.

WHILE Luella was a splendid girl to whom I had been passionately attached, there was no question that she lacked the ethereal qualities of Orchid and she was slow-witted compared to the minx at the piano.

Orchid would make off with the violinist, and after Luella had patched up her broken heart she was capable of marrying me to get even for my contribution to the tragedy.

I glanced at her perfect profile and shuddered to see the expression of ferocity it was wearing. I looked over at Orchid and wondered how I could have been acquainted with her for years and not realize that she was as alluring as a siren and as full of sex appeal as a case of champagne. And I was appalled at the inevitability of all this loveliness being squandered upon a hulking savage.

Obviously the thing to do was to prevent such a sacrifice. While I loved Luella, I didn't want her if she didn't reciprocate my affections, and I had no right to tear her away from the man she adored.

Yaneski finished a number and I grasped the opportunity.

"That was swell," I said gayly, as I leaped to my feet. "I certainly enjoy ritzy music, but there can be too much of a good thing. Lay down the fiddle and the bow, Yaneski. Orchid, turn on the radio and pick up a jazz band and let's roll back the rugs and strut a little."

To my dismay I was hamstrung by the person in whose interests I was operating.

"Sit down, Wally, or jump out of the window," Luella exclaimed viciously. "Because you are incapable of appreciating art, don't assume that others are as ignorant. Please, Count, don't stop. Orchid, I had no idea you were a great accompanist. I have never been so enthralled in my life."

YANESKI crossed the room and kissed her hand. "My dear Luella," he declared, "artists are numerous but there is nothing so wonderful as a discriminating listener. Let us try the Scriabin, Miss Resson."

"No," replied Orchid. "I have monopolized you long enough. Let's dance, as Wally suggested."

"If you don't mind," Luella appealed, "let's not. Jazz, after what I've heard, would make me ill. And it's late and we have a morning tennis engagement. Please take me home, Count."

"But of course," he replied eagerly. "It has been bliss to play for you and never did I have such a marvelous accompanist. I was inspired."

"I've been in heaven," asserted Orchid. "I hope we shall play together again sometime."

"But certainly. Tomorrow night, if you will be so kind."

"Tonight, you mean. It's one o'clock," Luella asserted. She glided to Orchid and threw her arms around her and kissed her.

Yaneski shook my hand. "Good night, sir. Good night, my wonderful little artist."

I dropped gloomily upon the divan and lighted a cigarette while Orchid saw them out.

Presently she returned and seated herself on a straight-back chair opposite me.

"The faker!" she said contemptuously. "I was watching her; she was bored to death. Isn't he sublime?"

"He's a violinist and that lets him out," I answered sullenly. "I'm in favor of his marrying Luella and their living happily ever after. She doesn't like music any more than I do, and when I tried to put a stop to it she 'done me dirt.' Let him have her."

Orchid looked shocked. "After all I've done—"

"You're working for Orchid Resson," I retorted, "and don't try to bull me. What in hell do you want him for, anyway? He doesn't play the fiddle every hour in the day."

"Don't you want to marry Luella Langham?" she asked with very round eyes. "Don't you see that if the Count loses interest she'll come

(Continued on page twenty-two)

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(Continued from page twenty)

back to you?"

"I don't and you don't. You've played me for a sap to get your claws on Yaneski. You know darn' well she'll hate me for life for breaking up her love affair."

Orchid looked like a very small child whose feelings were hurt.

"I was honest. I told you I wanted to meet him when we went into this," she said reproachfully. "You can't walk out on me now."

"Oh, can't I? Anyway, I've found out that Luella is treacherous and has a disposition like a laughing hyena. This Bulgarian is her property, and you keep your hands off him. You break off this date tonight or I'll spill the beans, Miss Orchid Resson."

Orchid folded her hands on her breast, crossed her legs, and looked at me through half-closed eyes.

"I don't need you," she said coolly. "I'm totally indifferent to the attitude of Luella Langham. I've found out that I can wind Yaneski around my little finger. He'll come when I whistle."

She made me so furious I jumped up and shook my fist at her. "I won't permit it, do you hear?" I bellowed.

"Poof!" observed Orchid. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Why shouldn't I marry Yaneski if I want to?"

"Because you're a child who doesn't know anything except music," I asserted angrily. "This fellow may have a veneer but he's a savage at heart, like all those Balkan brutes. He's bubbling with Tatar blood. A woman is nothing but a chattel to him. He's practically a polygamist. And all Bulgarians beat their wives."

"Only when they deserve it I hope," she retorted with an aggravating laugh.

"Well, you're not going to marry him and that's flat."

Orchid, who had lighted a cigarette, blew smoke at me.

"Yet you profess to love Luella and you're willing to have her marry him. And, after all, you have no interest in me, and if Yaneski wants to beat me black and blue, what difference does it make to you? He will probably beat Luella if she marries him."

"Luella could put up some kind of an argument—" I began, and the telephone in the hall tinkled.

"Answer it, please," she requested.

I WENT out and picked up the thing and said "Hello."

"Oh, that you, Wally?" demanded a voice that belonged to Luella Langham. "Haven't you gone home yet?"

"Just going," I said grumpily.

"Well, before you go, please deliver a message to Orchid," she requested. "I wanted to talk to her, but you're even better."

"O. K."

"Please tell that vicious little vampire," said Luella in a voice that was shaking with rage, "that as a result of her machinations Yaneski proposed to me a few minutes ago."

"Eh?"

"And he was so full of impatience that he demanded I elope with him."

"Oh, say, Luella, you don't want to do that. How do you know—"

"And I'm taking no chances, Mr. Russell. No chances at all. And I have no intention of placing him in her clutches tonight. I'm calling you from our boathouse. We are about to take the launch and go over to Jersey and be married immediately, Mr. Russell. And I hear Yaneski starting the engine. Give your little friend my regards, Mr. Russell."

With that she hung up on me. No consideration of my feelings. No thought of anything but breaking poor little Orchid's heart.

I went slowly back to the drawing-room.

"That was Luella," said Orchid. "She was so angry she was screaming. What did she have to say?"

I SAT down and wondered how I was going to tell her. The poor little devil!

"Well," Orchid said sharply, "come through."

"Luella and Yaneski are starting in the speed boat for Jersey," I replied lugubriously. "They're going to be married over there."

Orchid lost all her color, and her lower lip trembled.

"Poor Wally," she said softly.

I stared at her, astounded.

"Hand me another cigarette, please, and light it. I'm afraid my hand will tremble," said Orchid. "Luella always did drive through."

I breathed deeply. "How did she put it over?" I marveled. "You had him lashed to the mast. She grabbed him to keep you from getting him. I know she hates music."

"She loves him," said Orchid gently. "It was the man she was mad about, not his violin. I was enraptured with his music but his personality didn't interest me."

"It didn't? You were going to marry him."

"I had no such intention," replied Orchid.

I stared at her and I saw that she actually meant what she said. She wasn't in anguish. She was smiling.

"Then may I ask what this was all about?"

"I wanted to get Luella out of the way," she said calmly.

"Luella out of the way?" I repeated stupidly.

She nodded her little silver head. "He was in love with Luella and she was flattered, but she hates music and she wasn't sure she would be happy with him. I thought that if she saw another girl making a dead set at him she would make up her mind, and she did."

"But you said that your idea was to make her jealous of you about me."

"Oh, I knew that wouldn't work," replied Orchid airily. "She didn't care anything about you. She would have married you before Yaneski came because you are a good catch."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "You cooked this up with Yaneski, eh?"

She shook her head emphatically. "Never met him until you took me to Langhams'."

"Well, it's all a mystery to me," I said with a perplexed sigh.

"Naturally it would be. Suppose you go home."

"Wait a minute. What did you mean when you said you wanted Luella out of the way?"

Orchid rose. "If you won't go home I'm going upstairs and leave you here. Let go my wrists. You hurt!"

"Orchid, you didn't—it wasn't because I thought I was in love with her that you wanted her out of the way?"

"Don't be absurd, Wally. Please let me go."

I put my face within three inches of hers and she shut her eyes and tried to turn her head away.

"You little devil!" I shouted, and I picked her up in my arms and kissed her.

Tears crept out from under her tightly closed lids, so I set her on her feet and she rested her forehead on my shirt front and sniveled.

"I never knew you liked me," I muttered incredulously.

Orchid lifted her flower of a face and smiled at me.

"You never even noticed me. I never had a chat with you until the day you came mooning about because Luella was messing around with a violinist," she said reproachfully. "I always did wish you would pay some attention to me and I thought it was a pity you were hipped about that selfish cat."

"You didn't put on this costume for Yaneski. You wanted to impress me," I charged.

"Well," said Orchid, "I knew I was beautiful in masquerade; and I knew it would make Luella furious."

"Listen, Orchid," I said joyfully. "We'll get married, and I don't give a damn if you play the piano all of the time.

"I really like jazz, too," she told me, "and I just simply adore dancing."

I sat down and took the lovely little creature on my lap.

"It looks to me," I said thoughtfully, "as though I was a very lucky stiff. Are you sure you don't want to marry Yaneski?"

"And get beaten?" she asked with a shocked expression on her flowerlike face.

I eyed her speculatively. "If you try any of your tricks on me, you're likely to get beaten right here in Ispahan," I informed her.

"Oh," exclaimed Orchid, "I'd never try to put anything over on you, Wally!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where is Valley Forge situated?

2—What treaty terminated the War of 1812?

3—Who was the author of "Continual dropping wears away a stone"?

4—When did the execution of Nathan Hale occur?

5—What event marked the beginning of the modern era in Japan?

6—Which state of the Union first granted complete suffrage to women?

7—Where was the first printing press established in the United States?

8—Which Presidents were born British subjects?

9—How are sharks' teeth arranged?

10—What was the business of Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin?

11—What are four apples prominent in history?

12—Was Kerensky, of anti-Bolshevik fame in Russia, killed by the revolutionists?

13—Who is the author of the expression "Never look a gift horse in the mouth"?

14—What marine animal is commonly used to symbolize the sea or a sea passage?

15—Where do the best deep red rubies come from?

16—In what year was the earthquake and fire in San Francisco?

17—Of what country is the yak a native?

18—In geometry, what is a five-sided figure called?

19—When was the first United States census taken?

20—What is the artist Gainsborough's most famous painting?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

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Who founded the House of Squibb?
(see page 51 for the answer)

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TECHNOCRACY—RACKET or RELIGION?

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 9 minutes 50 seconds.)

FOR the last few months the glazed-paper magazines and the newspapers have been full of information about a movement which calls itself “ Technocracy ” and holds out the promise of a rust-proof millennium for the United States. It is an exciting, fascinating, and disturbing idea, put forward by a group of scientists and engineers on the basis of twelve years' study of the working of our economic system. They tell us, in effect: “ If you hand over complete control of the business system to us, we will give every man jack of you the equivalent of a twenty-thousand-a-year income for life, in return for four hours' work a day, four days a week, ten months a year, between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five.”

This $20,000-a-year stuff is pretty attractive bait at any time, and in these days it looks like heaven. But there is a catch in it. There is a barbed hook inside the $20,000, and this hook is simply the probable surrender of personal liberty by the average man in order that a small group of scientists may receive absolute power of life and death over this nation.

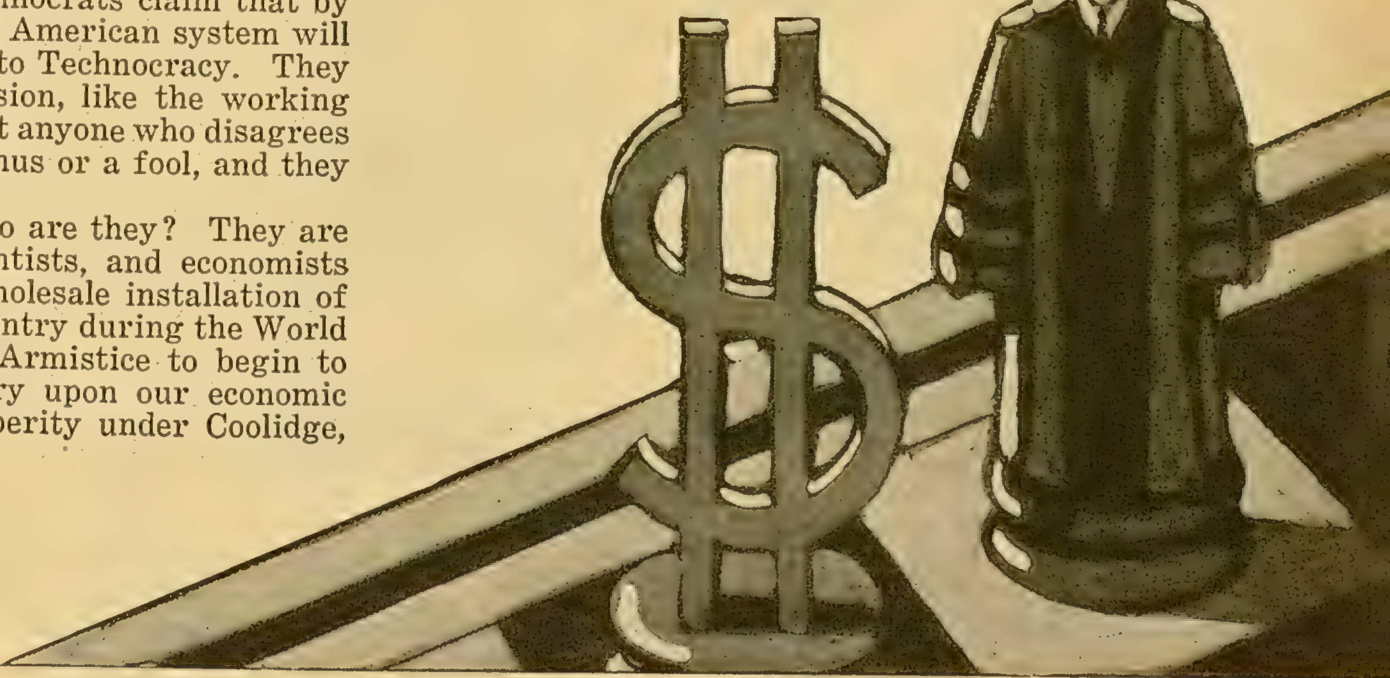
If these scientists and engineers hold out the bait in one hand, in the other they brandish a bomb of explosive facts. They inform us—like all other religious leaders—that we are headed for damnation unless we believe and accept their message. The installation of mechanical energy and the increase in automatic machinery has not only outstripped the growth of population but is dispensing with population. It is a fact that fewer workers were employed by American industry in the boom year of 1929 than were employed during the labor scarcity of 1919, despite an increase in population of more than 10,000,000.

Invention is making common human labor of relatively low importance. The old wage-and-profit system of distribution is breaking down, and we don't need the existence of 12,000,000 unemployed to convince us that there is something terribly wrong with our present business methods. Factories without a single manual worker are already in sight, and the Technocrats claim that by 1940, if not sooner, the entire old American system will break down, leading to chaos—or to Technocracy. They regard this as a scientific conclusion, like the working out of an algebraic equation, so that anyone who disagrees with it must be either an ignoramus or a fool, and they are probably right.

Who are the Technocrats? Who are they? They are a small group of engineers, scientists, and economists who were so impressed by the wholesale installation of labor-saving machinery in this country during the World War that they decided after the Armistice to begin to study the effect of this machinery upon our economic system. With the wave of prosperity under Coolidge, their membership, which had once been as high as 25,000, sank to a few hundred, and it was only with the appearance of the present depression (which they prophesied with uncanny accuracy) that the movement picked up speed again. Now it is proselyting in scientific schools and colleges and conducting publicity through many channels. The Technocrats have caught the public imagination.

Their leader is a Virginian named Howard Scott, a brilliant and powerful man with a granite face and ruthless determination in every line of his great frame. His brain ranks among the best in the country. He is a man of action and only forty-two years of age. He received his technical education in Germany, worked in the German dye industry, and was employed as technical assistant in the construction of the Muscle Shoals project during the war. He is now a consulting engineer with offices in New York, and consultant to the Architect of the State of New York, but is giving virtually all of his time to Technocracy. For all practical purposes, in fact, he *is* Technocracy and the movement reflects much of his own instinct for power. He is the spark plug of a large and enthusiastic scientific research group. The other members of his group are less dynamic, although Dr. Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology and the late Charles P. Steinmetz were among his followers. At present Mr. Scott's staff is housed at Columbia University, where a corps of one hundred unemployed draftsmen and engineers, who are paid by the Architects' Emergency Relief Committee of New York, work under the dictates of Technocracy in the completion of an “ energy survey ” of North America.

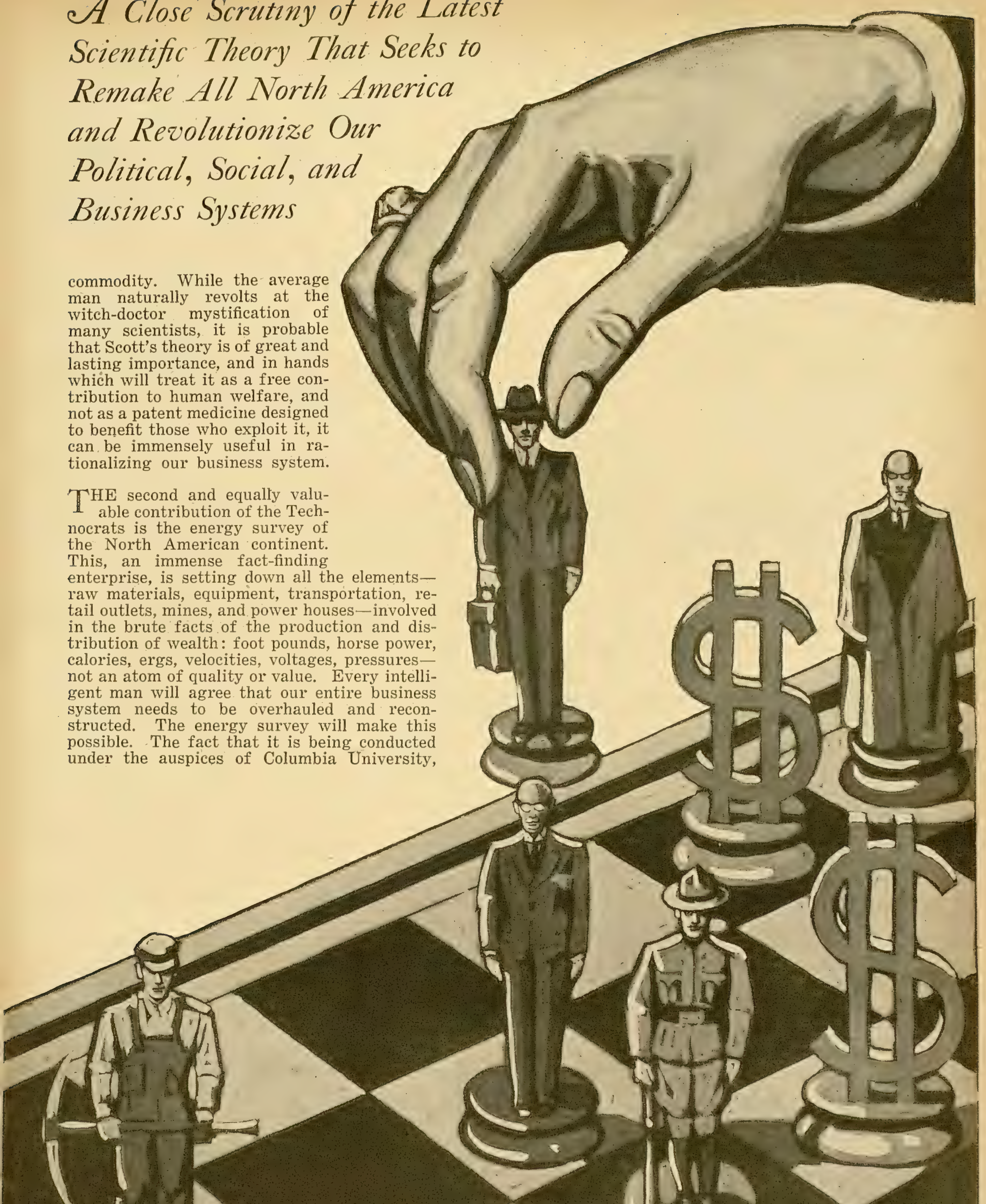
The basis of their operations is Mr. Scott's theory of energy determinants. This is as yet incompletely formulated but is said to be so complex that no layman could fully understand it. Its essence seems to be a method of reducing to a common denominator all types of energy—mechanical, agricultural, human—and hence of measuring the energy equivalent of any socially produced

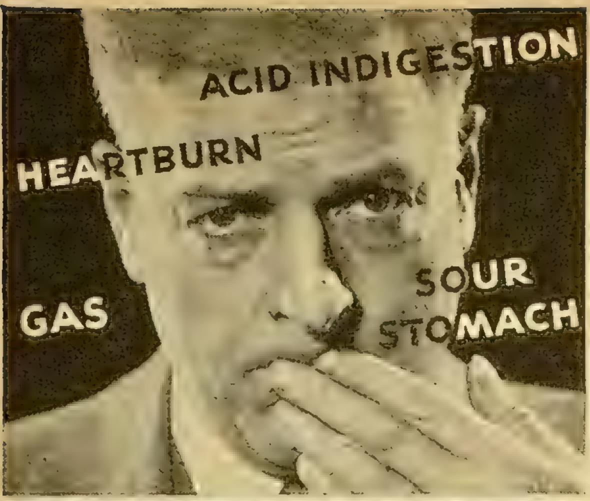


A Close Scrutiny of the Latest Scientific Theory That Seeks to Remake All North America and Revolutionize Our Political, Social, and Business Systems

commodity. While the average man naturally revolts at the witch-doctor mystification of many scientists, it is probable that Scott's theory is of great and lasting importance, and in hands which will treat it as a free contribution to human welfare, and not as a patent medicine designed to benefit those who exploit it, it can be immensely useful in rationalizing our business system.

THE second and equally valuable contribution of the Technocrats is the energy survey of the North American continent. This, an immense fact-finding enterprise, is setting down all the elements—raw materials, equipment, transportation, retail outlets, mines, and power houses—involved in the brute facts of the production and distribution of wealth: foot pounds, horse power, calories, ergs, velocities, voltages, pressures—not an atom of quality or value. Every intelligent man will agree that our entire business system needs to be overhauled and reconstructed. The energy survey will make this possible. The fact that it is being conducted under the auspices of Columbia University,





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with the aid of relief funds, assures that its findings cannot become the personal property of any group. If they belong to anybody, they belong to the people of the State of New York and to scientists all over the world.

If the theory of energy determinants and the energy survey were all there were to Technocracy, the movement would be of vital importance. Their tentative conclusions on the basis of the theory and the survey are what make it front-page news. These conclusions have already been expressed in the form of $20,000 a year to everybody and all power to science. They are, in fact, apparently communistic in that they may involve a dictatorship by a small self-appointed class, equal division of wealth but not of capital, and a Hobson's choice between acceptance of this set-up and starvation for the mass of the people.

Another article—outlining the advantages of Technocracy—will appear in an early issue

They suggest that energy should be substituted for gold as the basis of currency; that prices should be expressions of the energy required to produce and distribute goods; that currency should be nontransferable and should be impossible to save, and that the private ownership of capital and the private control of credit are obsolete.

They suggest that every able-bodied individual between twenty-five and forty-five shall have the choice between signing a twenty-year labor contract with the management of the system or taking his chance of starving in an effort to beat the system. It would amount to universal economic conscription. These conclusions are simply the general ideas which flow out of the facts; they are not a program.

TECHNOCRACY implies the complete abolition of political government in the United States and, of course, the complete abolition of the present capitalistic system here. The Technocrats do not state that they expect this result to come about painlessly, but their scientific distaste for political methods implies either a peaceful revolution or a scientific *coup d'état.* The American people and the individuals who are sympathetic to Technocracy as a means of relief have a right to know which course Technocracy will follow. Nobody wants to remain in ignorance of the fact that what he is doing may land him in prison or line him up against a stone wall before a firing squad. The Technocratic answer is that not the scientists but the facts will create the policies of Technocracy and that the answer will depend upon the common sense of the community.

The energy survey contemplates the operation of the North American continent *as a unit*, taking in Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the West Indies, and Central America as well as the United States. It takes no account of the large amounts of foreign capital which would be rendered valueless in all the countries to which the scheme would apply. It ignores the fact that the huge religious and educational endowments in the United States would also be wiped out and that the forces of organized religion would be at least cautious about accepting such a system and would follow it only if assured that it would benefit the mass. In brief, Technocracy is a tremendously powerful and bold conception which runs counter to existing conditions of race, language, culture, tradition, patriotism, politics, property, society, and religion. It would, moreover, tend to make America self-contained, thus cutting off the immensely important trade of this continent with the rest of the world.

NOW, the rest of the world depends in large part upon North American wheat, oil, and cotton—to mention nothing else—for its existence. Technocracy therefore threatens the non-American peoples with a terrific crisis if not with starvation. Before adopting it we would be wise to construct an immensely powerful navy.

There is no doubt that something like Technocracy may finally be adopted in this country, but it is by no means certain yet that the half-baked panaceas based on the first findings of Technocracy represent the final solution. Under the circumstances, what should we do about it? The answer is perfectly obvious. The theory and findings of Technocracy are so important that every effort must be made to encourage the completion of the energy survey. Technocracy itself should endeavor to humanize its movement. Unless its leaders learn that human nature is also a scientific fact, they do not deserve to remain at the head of a scientific movement. They portray what would be a paradise—for scientists! *They* would be in control; *they* would have the power; and so long as men are human they will slave, cheat, conspire, lie, and fight for power.

But in so far as the scientists themselves are after power, even for professedly and sincerely altruistic purposes, they are yielding to the same human nature which they propose to ignore in applying their system to the rest of us. The popular presentation of Technocracy involves a fundamental interference with personal liberty and a colossal ignorance of human nature.

Make no mistake about it! Technocracy may yet become a fighting issue in the United States. Its leaders are brilliant and intensely serious men and they have already made a great contribution to the economic thought of this country. But only political innocents would believe that the American people will accept a wholesale dictatorship at the hands of science and scientists. A fine and important movement must not be allowed to become intolerant or dictatorial. For there is no one as ruthlessly dogmatic as a scientist, no one as stubborn as a great engineer. The great political danger in Technocracy is the scientific habit of thought.

Rather than accept the dictatorship of scientists, the American people should scrap their machinery, execute their inventors, and go back to the soil to scratch a living. But a far better solution of the problem of Technocracy would be for a powerful and nonpolitical group of educators, industrialists, bankers, and public men to establish Technocracy as a sort of Rockefeller Foundation for research in social economics, to free it from business and political interference, and to utilize its findings for the gradual transformation of our business system to one in which we can get the benefit of our labor-saving machinery without the complete surrender of human nature or the abolition of the idea of human liberty.

If the Technocrats refused to agree to such a proposal, their findings should be taken up by another group of scientists who would accept the duty of social coöperation as part of their general formula for reconstruction. For, until Technocracy becomes humanized, it will be a creator of trouble and discontent and its leaders will be reckoned as only another type of scientific racketeer or religious zealot.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Eyewitness

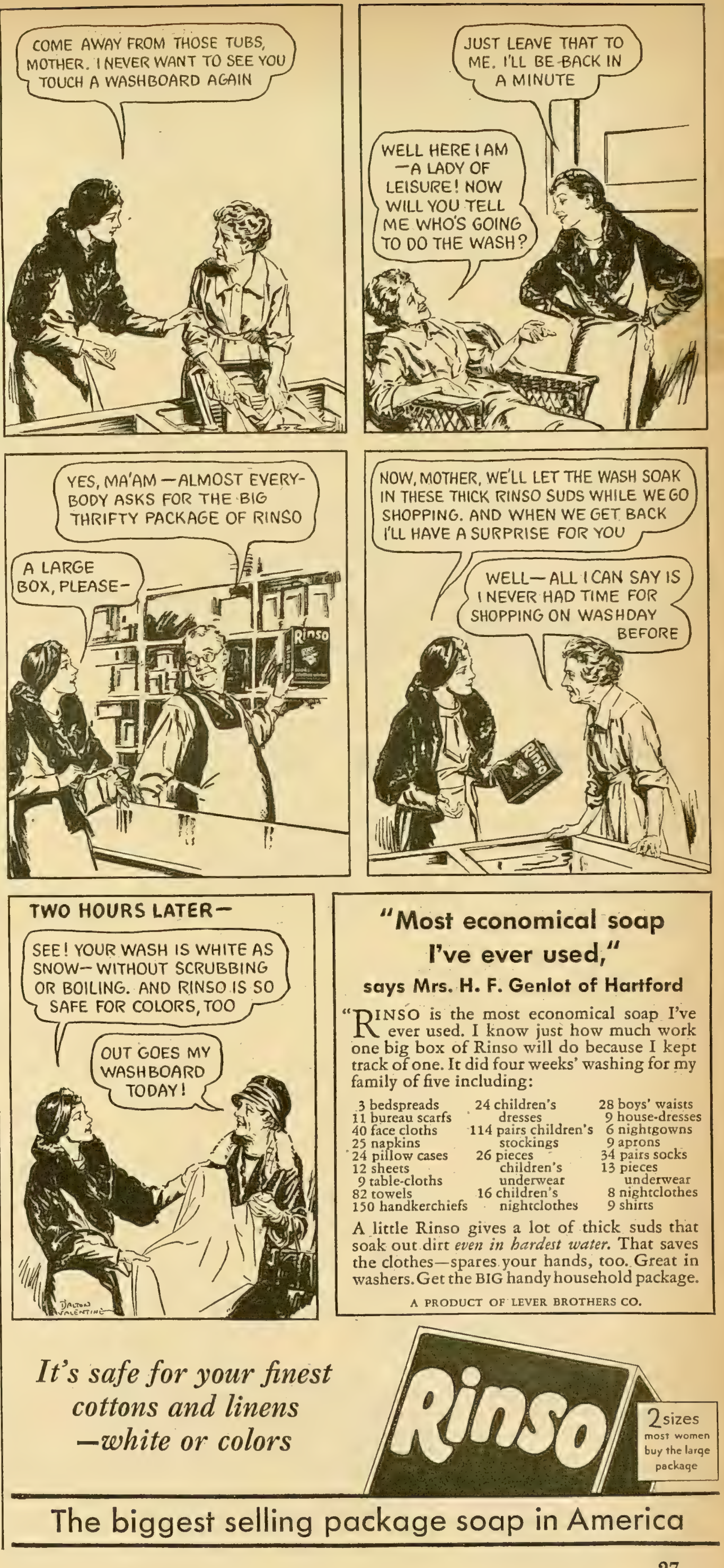
BETTY was trudging home from the butcher shop with a package of beefsteak clasped firmly in her hands. She met her uncle, who asked what she was carrying.

"A dead cow, cut up," answered Betty.—Mrs. O. J. Seim, 2416 Corno Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Knew Her Business

JERRY was eating breakfast, enjoying his usual egg. He looked up at his mother and said:

"Mama, the old hen that laid this egg sure knew how to lay 'em!"—Mrs. W. R. Cunningham, 4715 Camp Bowie Boulevard, Fort Worth, Texas.


COME AWAY FROM THOSE TUBS, MOTHER. I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU TOUCH A WASHBOARD AGAIN
JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE
WELL HERE I AM—A LADY OF LEISURE! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHO'S GOING TO DO THE WASH?
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WELL—ALL I CAN SAY IS I NEVER HAD TIME FOR SHOPPING ON WASHDAY BEFORE
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16 children's nightclothes
28 boys' waists
9 house-dresses
6 nightgowns
9 aprons
34 pairs socks
13 pieces underwear
8 nightclothes
9 shirts

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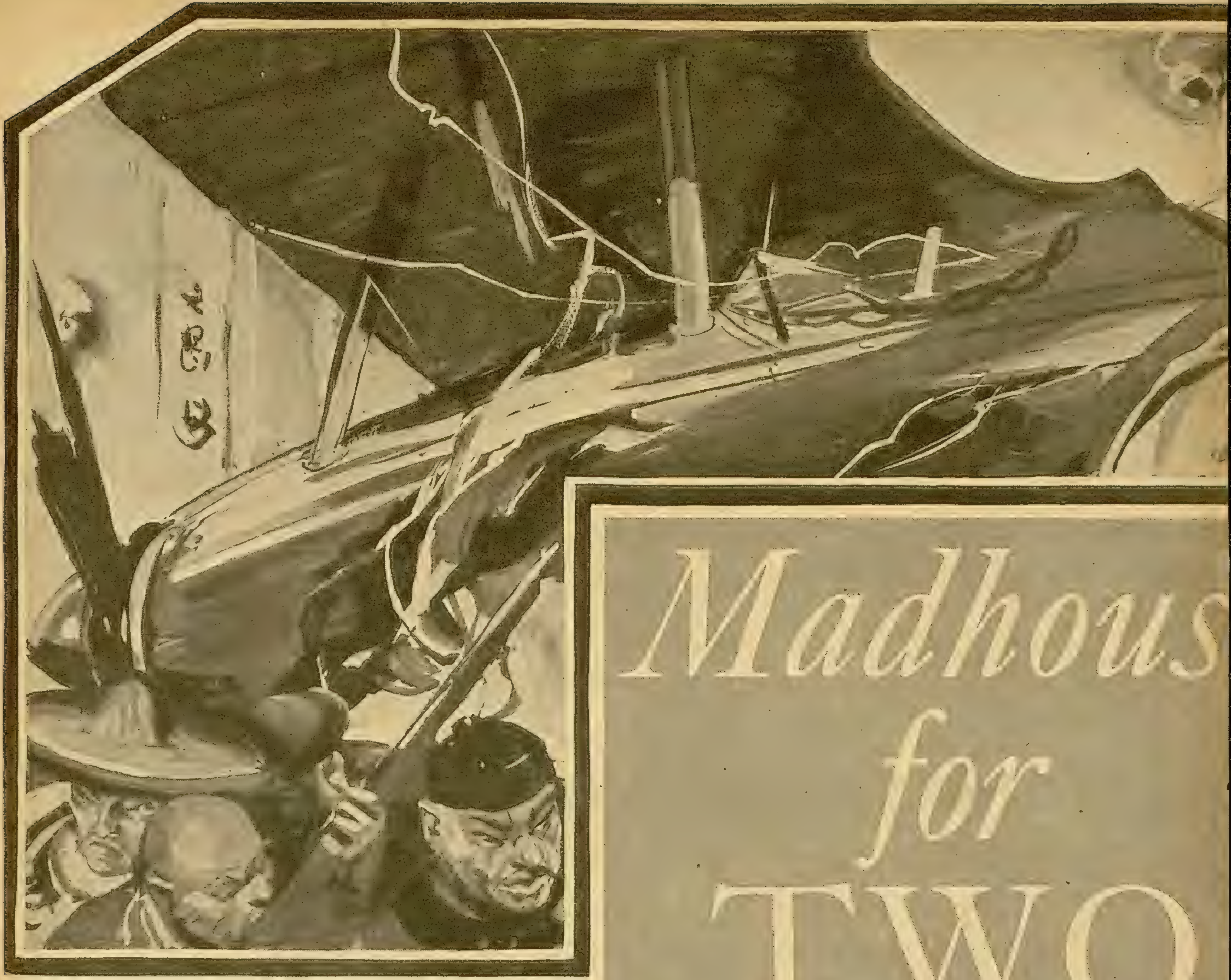


Madhous for TWO

The Story of a Soldier of Fortune and a Wife Who Gave Him a Surprise

(Reading time: 22 minutes 2 seconds.)

THE fault of most soldiers of fortune is that they don't make good. They have a vast acquaintance, an intimate knowledge of out-of-the-way places, an entertaining stock of dinner-table stories, an amazing fund of information on countless subjects; but invariably they end their lives, picturesquely but vainly, between a firing squad and a stone wall, or in some gas-lit hall bedroom with a cough and a charity physician.

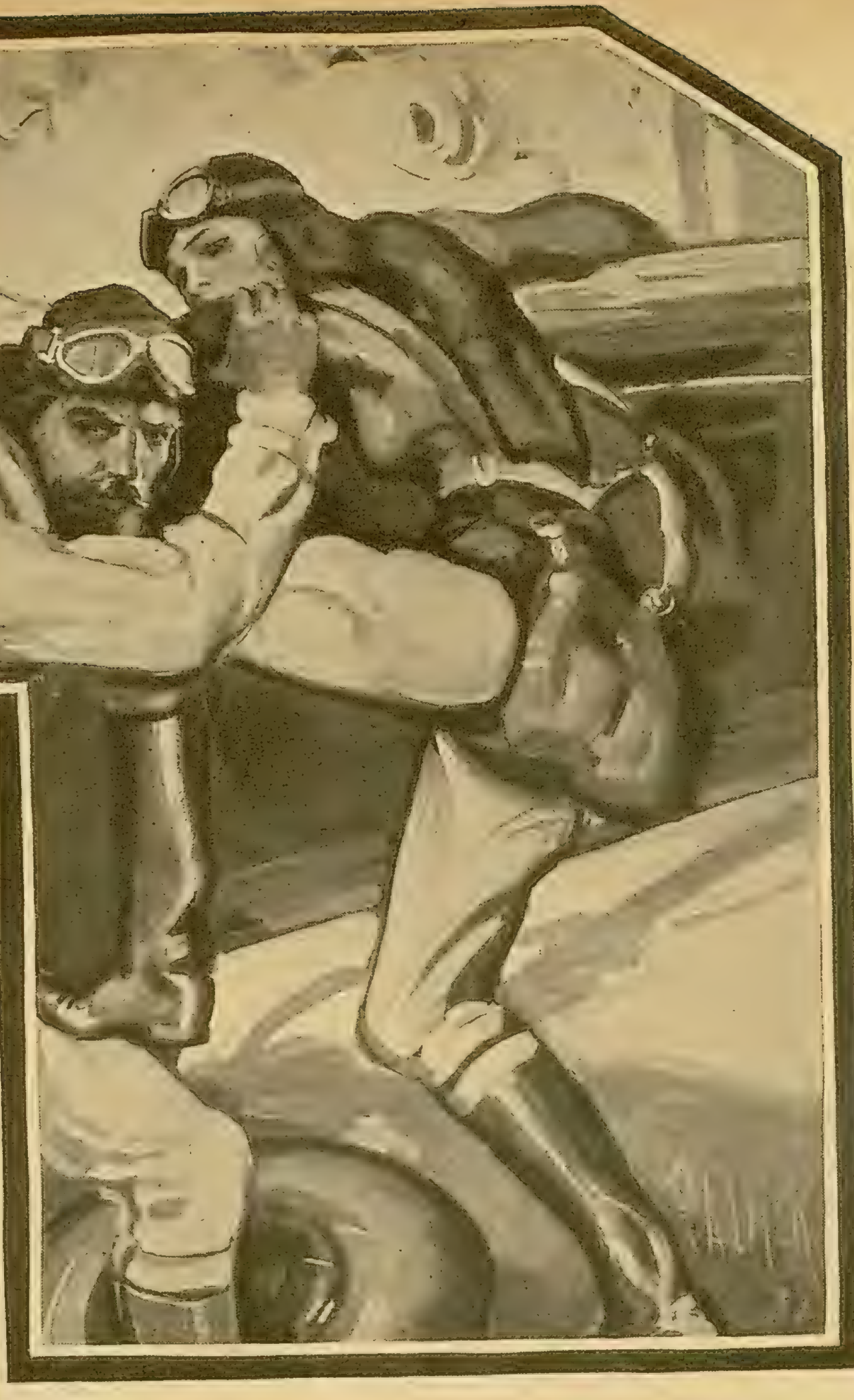
Everyone knows that they never marry. They may carry a picture in a locket. They may even think that some day when the last shot is fired and the last camp fire out, they will go home, their pockets full of gold, and marry the girl.

But they never do. For one reason, their pockets never get full of gold—or, if they happen to, it trickles away as swiftly as it came. But the main reason they fail in the end is that there is always a new enterprise somewhere over the horizon, and despite the heat and the fever—and the face in the locket—they take the first ship in that direction, remembering sometimes to write a hasty good-by.

Which was why Cicely Thornbridge's friends and the loungers at the Explorers Club were amazed to read in one morning's Times that Cicely and Jason Blake—the Blake whose exploits had made subway readers forget the bad air and had set small boys to whittling wooden swords—had been married the afternoon before at the Little Church Around the Corner.

The Thornbridge name was almost as well known as Blake's. Maharajas and bashaws might call Blake "my son"; he was privileged to wear the ribbons of a dozen different countries. But wherever railroads pushed their steel in America, Cyrus Thornbridge's pocketbook and his influence in the Senate were behind that steel; and society-page editors from Miami to Placid were familiar with the dark eyes and yellow hair of "Cicely Thornbridge, youngest daughter of Cyrus K., at home at 1000 Fifth Avenue."

Blake and Cicely had met at a Badencourt dinner. Mrs. Badencourt, who periodically produced for her friends transatlantic flyers and big-game hunters at the height of their popularity, snared Blake fresh from the Riff campaign when his name still commanded headlines as big as the government's. He was an instantaneous success.



Barclay set the plane down on the hammered mud. He helped Cicely to the ground.

Pictures by Delos Palmer

By

FERRIN FRASER

Young and handsome, he was for several weeks drawn and quartered across New York dinner tables until a thousand foot-miles of blistering Sahara sands would have been for him a welcome relief.

Blake would have chucked the whole social merry-go-round at once had it not been for Cicely. But because of her he wore his red ribbon of the Legion of Honor—something he had never done before—told her tales the newspapers had never printed of Persia, South Africa, Nicaragua—something he also had never done before—and finally, not because he wanted to but because he must, he proposed marriage.

He was rather more surprised than Cicely's friends, or the loungers at the Explorers Club, when she accepted him.

"You *will* marry me?" he asked incredulously.

"I should like to see anything prevent me!" said Cicely, her strong small hands fastened possessively on his dark sleeve.

Before he kissed her Blake said seriously: "It is only fair to tell you I am rather a useless rotter. I don't want you to take me under false pretenses. I have never done anything, really—anything worth while. The stories I've told you, while they are true enough, from your father's point of view must seem utterly futile and childish adventures. I don't want you to be dazzled by them."

Cicely laughed. "If you think I am a Desdemona," she said, "you are very much mistaken. I am a determined young lady—as you undoubtedly will discover—and very certain of what I want. And one of the things I want, Jay—"

"Yes?" He was amused by the cool determination in her voice.

"Is no addition to those stories."

He looked up smiling. "Word of honor, Cicely. When I think of a hearth fire with you, a camp fire is something beyond the pall of imagination."

So they were married—hastily but thoroughly—took a modest fourteen-room apartment on Park Avenue, and Jason Blake's name—which had once been above the seal of the Secretary of War of Honduras and was entitled to several Brigadier-General prefixes—was painted in small gold letters on one of Cyrus Thornbridge's many office doors, he was given a typist and a dictaphone, four telephones and as many electric buttons, and a normal New York home and business life began.

There was a trunk in the apartment which was never opened and about which Cicely asked only once.

"In it," smiled Blake, "to the best of my memory, are three silver-mounted swords presented respectively by the Dey of Algiers, the Bashaw of Tripoli, and a gentleman who called himself—until he was shot one morning—the Dictator of Bogotá. There are four or five service revolvers, a rather efficient carbine, and what was once a colonel's uniform in the now defunct Kingdom of Napir. There are a number of military medals. There is also a varied assortment of ammunition which, because it was two hours in the Congo River, is probably worthless. Otherwise, my dear, the trunk is quite empty."

Cicely had looked at him without speaking, a tiny flicker of fear in her eyes. Blake had laughingly thrown an arm about her waist, tilted her chin, and said, "Darling, you may sell that trunk to the junkman whenever you like!"

THE Jason Blakes were popular in and about New York. Everyone liked Cicely, and a glamour clung to Blake's wide shoulders and lurked in his gray eyes. He was so smilingly silent about his past life that the men said, "I bet if *I'd* done what that fellow has, I'd talk about it!" and the women whispered to one another, "He is so modest—just a big boy at heart!"—and Cicely thanked him continually with her eyes.

At home Blake laughed good-naturedly at the whole social spectacle.

"You don't like it?" Cicely asked.

"It is amusing," admitted Blake.

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. "Jay, you aren't getting tired of me?"

"Of you?" he exclaimed. "Honey, if we lived in a madhouse, or the Ritz, or a cottage—together—I'd love it!"

"That's not a bad idea," said Cicely thoughtfully.

"What?"

"A cottage. Sometimes, Jay, I'm just a little bit bored by it all myself."

"You—a Thornbridge?"

"A Blake now," said Cicely.

Cicely had a few bad days when the newspapers proclaimed a Spanish revolution and she rested again only when Alfonso had fled safely to Paris. Blake had devoured the morning news before dressing. "If they could take Madrid," he would say, "Barcelona would be bound to fall. On the other hand, if the royalist troops could strike once—hard—"

She had caught the silk shoulders of his dressing gown and turned him to face her.

"Jay dear, are you terribly unhappy?"

"Why, honey—no!"

"You're getting ahead—marvelously. Father was saying only the other day he didn't know how he could get along without you. You remember, Jay, you told me once that this sort of thing"—she tapped the newspaper with a straight white finger—"the things you used to do, were useless, not worth-while. You are doing worth-while things now, Jay—"

He laughed, rather abruptly. "I guess New York couldn't get on without my psychic bids! Honey—"

"Yes?"

"Let's take a trip somewhere."

"A trip?"

"Anywhere—just for a while. I feel restless. I haven't told you, but noon hours I walk along the water front and look at the ships. This is the longest I have ever been in any one spot."

"When, Jay?"

For a moment he seemed to her like a little boy begging for a picnic.

"Now. Today—tomorrow—soon."

"I can't, Jay," she said quickly. "Not until the season is over. There is the Charity Ball in six weeks. You know that I'm chairman."

"All right—it doesn't matter."

She covered his hands with her own. "Soon, Jay dear. We'll go anywhere you say."

But they didn't go. More important matters than trips intervened; social affairs kept them constantly busy. Cicely lent prestige, beauty, gay chatter to smart drawing-rooms; Blake, elegant, glamorous—and bored to death—fought off the advances of simpering women and curious men.

AND then suddenly there was only Mrs. Jason Blake. Jason Blake had departed, leaving behind a note. It read:

> HONEY:
>
> I guess you'll think this is the end. I have broken my word to you—I have opened the trunk. Rather than commit murder over another "Won't you have a cup of tea, Mr. Blake?" or "I bid two spades," I have called it a day and run. You see, it wasn't a hearth fire with you, or a madhouse together; it was a community mass meeting, and entirely too overcrowded.

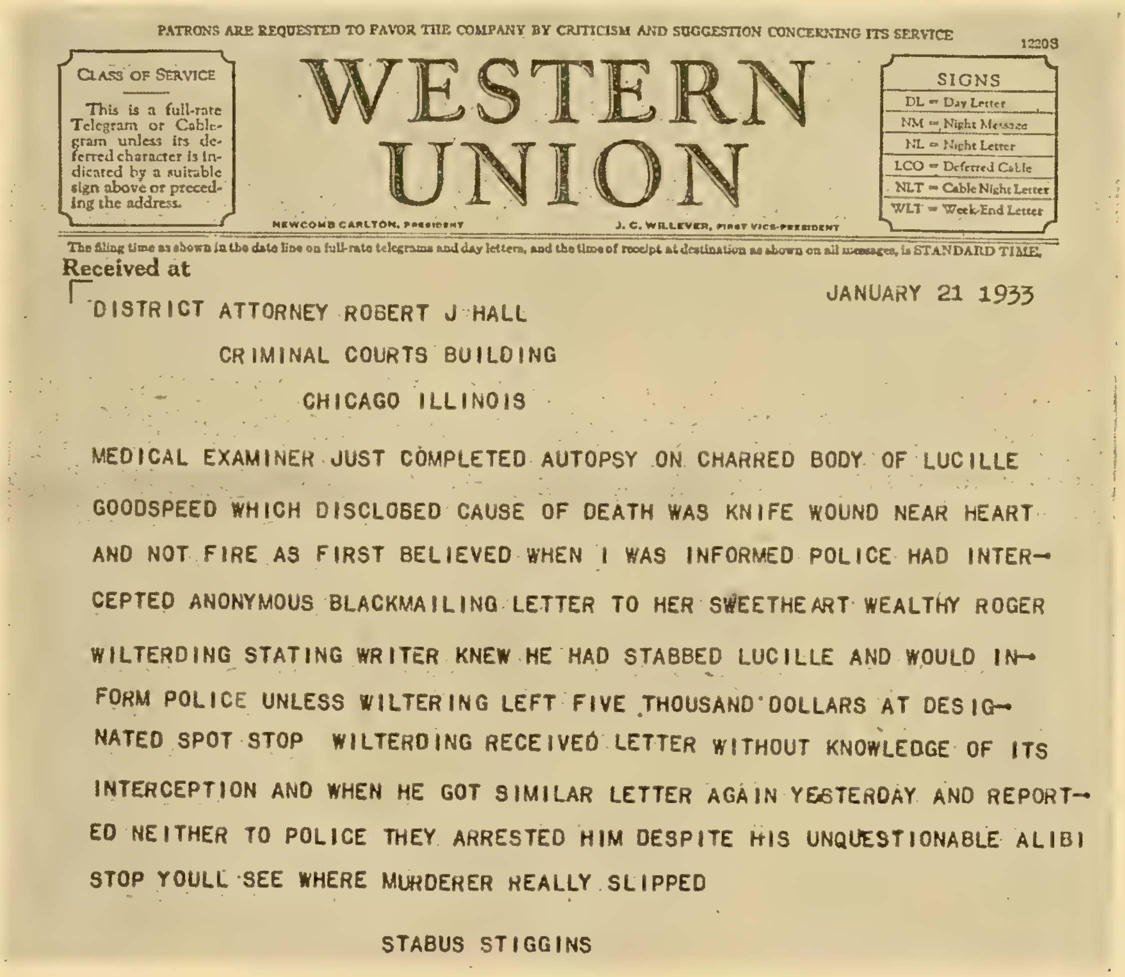
For a month Cicely lived alone in the deserted apartment. She unpacked Blake's trunk, held his swords on her knees, fondled his medals, and wept on the limp shoulder of the uniform of Napir. "If I only knew where he was!" she said again and again. "He is in danger somewhere—and it is my fault!"

"Nonsense, Cicely," her father said. "Because the fellow disliked your life is no reason you should have led his."

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



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CLASS OF SERVICE

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Received at

JANUARY 21 1933

DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROBERT J HALL
CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

MEDICAL EXAMINER JUST COMPLETED AUTOPSY ON CHARRED BODY OF LUCILLE GOODSPEED WHICH DISCLOSED CAUSE OF DEATH WAS KNIFE WOUND NEAR HEART AND NOT FIRE AS FIRST BELIEVED WHEN I WAS INFORMED POLICE HAD INTERCEPTED ANONYMOUS BLACKMAILING LETTER TO HER SWEETHEART WEALTHY ROGER WILTERDING STATING WRITER KNEW HE HAD STABBED LUCILLE AND WOULD INFORM POLICE UNLESS WILTERING LEFT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AT DESIGNATED SPOT STOP WILTERDING RECEIVED LETTER WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF ITS INTERCEPTION AND WHEN HE GOT SIMILAR LETTER AGAIN YESTERDAY AND REPORTED NEITHER TO POLICE THEY ARRESTED HIM DESPITE HIS UNQUESTIONABLE ALIBI STOP YOULL SEE WHERE MURDERER REALLY SLIPPED

STABUS STIGGINS

The solution will appear in next week's issue.

"My life!" she cried. "I hate it—every false word and gesture of it!"

Thornbridge had a fairly accurate idea of Blake's whereabouts—there was steady fighting in but one corner of the world—and he finally brought Cicely confirmation of his guess.

"There is your husband," he said, and handed her a folded newspaper. She read:

> Jason Blake, American soldier of fortune, touched Shanghai briefly today. It is understood he has come to offer his services to General Chang-Sen and the Nationalist Army. It is rumored that Blake will raise a foreign legion and attempt to lift the siege of Kiang-hung, where over ten thousand Chinese have been slaughtered during the past week. . . .

Cicely, her face pale, saw the first and last words of the paragraph: "Jason Blake . . . ten thousand Chinese slaughtered during the past week." She suddenly raised dark eyes and said in a firm voice, "Father, how soon is it possible for one to get to China?"

Thornbridge threw up his hands. "Good God!" he cried. "You're not thinking of going—"

"I am going," said Cicely, "to Kiang-hung as fast as any engine invented by man can take me."

"But, Cicely—be reasonable. The man has deserted you. He doesn't care—he couldn't—or he wouldn't have gone off the way that he did. He—"

"He is my husband," said Cicely, "and I am his wife."

"But he doesn't want you. He wasn't even decent. He left you without a word—"

"I want him. And when I find him—if I ever do—I shall make things so interesting he'll never want to leave again! Will you call the airport or shall I?"

A ship left Portland for Shanghai thirty-six hours later. On it was Cicely Thornbridge Blake. Three motors had thundered above the Appalachians, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi valley, the Nebraskan plateaus, the peaks of Wyoming and Idaho, and when finally they ceased their roar, it was beside the Columbia River.

Three hundred and thirty-four hours from the time the harbor of Portland had vanished over the horizon a white motor tender cut through the yellow water of the Yangtze River, dodged lumbering sampans and the gray walls of anchored battle cruisers, and bumped sharply against a dirty Shanghai wharf. Exactly sixteen minutes after that bump Cicely Thornbridge Blake stood in the office of the American consulate.

"Jason Blake?" the consul asked. "Ah, yes, Jason Blake." He regarded her through thick lenses down a long Yankee nose. "We are not particularly interested in him. He has forfeited his American citizenship—"

"*I* am interested," said Cicely sharply. "He is my husband."

"Oh." She saw immediately that she was recognized—as Cicely Thornbridge. Society pages and Thornbridge steel were known, it seemed. "When last heard of, Mrs. Blake, your husband was safe."

"When was that?"

"Eight days ago. He was at Kiang-hung. He succeeded in lifting the siege. He fought through with his foreign legion, gained the town—"

"Don't hesitate."

"Well, the fact of the matter is, Mrs. Blake, it was a trap. The rebels allowed him to penetrate their lines, then closed in behind. He and his legion are prisoners in Kiang-hung."

"How does one get there?"

The consul spread his hands on the teakwood. "My dear Mrs. Blake, one doesn't. There have been no trains for months."

"If you *had* to go?"

The consul admired her with his shrewd eyes. "Mrs. Blake," he said, "if there was no other way, if I had to go to Kiang-hung I should first see in Shanghai an Englishman named Thomas Barclay."

CICELY saw Thomas Barclay—a lean, brown, bearded man—in the Shanghai American Bar.

"I want to go to Kiang-hung."

Barclay smiled without surprise. "The Nationalist troops," he said, "have been wanting the same thing for three months."

"But I must get to my husband."

"Your husband is—?"

"Jason Blake."

Barclay said calmly, "The last time I saw your husband was in Persia six years ago. He was on top of one ridge, and I was on top of another, and we were doing our best to murder each other with machine guns."

Cicely said steadily, "You won't help me, then?"

Barclay grinned. "On the contrary—I will. When do you want to start?"

"Now! At once."

Barclay fingered his beard. "I have the plane," he said, "but there is the matter of petrol. The government is very particular—"

"Surely we can obtain gasoline."

"Not surely, Mrs. Blake."

"My father's interests must—"

Barclay slapped his knee. "I knew I had seen you somewhere! In a newspaper. Cyrus Thornbridge's daughter! I think we can get gas."

It is four hundred and sixty miles from Shanghai to Kiang-hung. Cicely and Thomas Barclay covered those miles in three hours and twenty minutes, the last ten with puffs of smoke staggering around them.

Barclay had warned her, "They may fire on us—in fact, they will." They did. For three hours they had sped over flat river-cut swamps dotted with huts and house boats. And then suddenly lines of troops had spread like hairs below, like cracks in the brown earth. Ahead loomed the criss-crossed circle that was Kiang-hung.

Two weeks of a dangerous cold

from careless handkerchief habits

Prevent self-infection during colds by using

KLEENEX

disposable tissues . . . now 25c

Doctors, scientists, health instructors, all agree Kleenex is safer than handkerchiefs during colds.

COLDS are too dangerous to trifle with—too dangerous, certainly, to risk constant self-infection from a germ-filled handkerchief.

When you catch cold, give yourself a chance! Don't carry germs back to your face every time you use your handkerchief. Tests show that germs are easily dislodged from handkerchief fibers. They cling in great numbers to the sensitive membranes of lips and nose.

Use Kleenex—destroy

Kleenex is the modern, sanitary answer to the handkerchief problem during colds. Kleenex is a disposable tissue of softest rayon-cellulose. It is remarkably absorbent—germs are embedded in its fibers so it is almost impossible to dislodge them! Held thus, they are harmless until Kleenex can be destroyed.

Kleenex now costs so little that it is cheaper to use disposable tissues than to pay for handkerchief laundering!

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex comes in rolls and packages, a generous supply for 25 cents.

There is also an extra-size Kleenex with tissues as large as a man's handkerchief. Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Ask to see 'Kerfs, too —real, bordered handkerchiefs made of softest tissue.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

BEWARE HALF-CURED COLDS!

They Expose You to a Weakened System and to the Dangers of Serious Complications!

DON'T temporize with a cold. Don't take remedies that merely allay the cold instead of getting it thoroughly out of the system. A half-cured cold is a cold never cured and a constant source of danger.

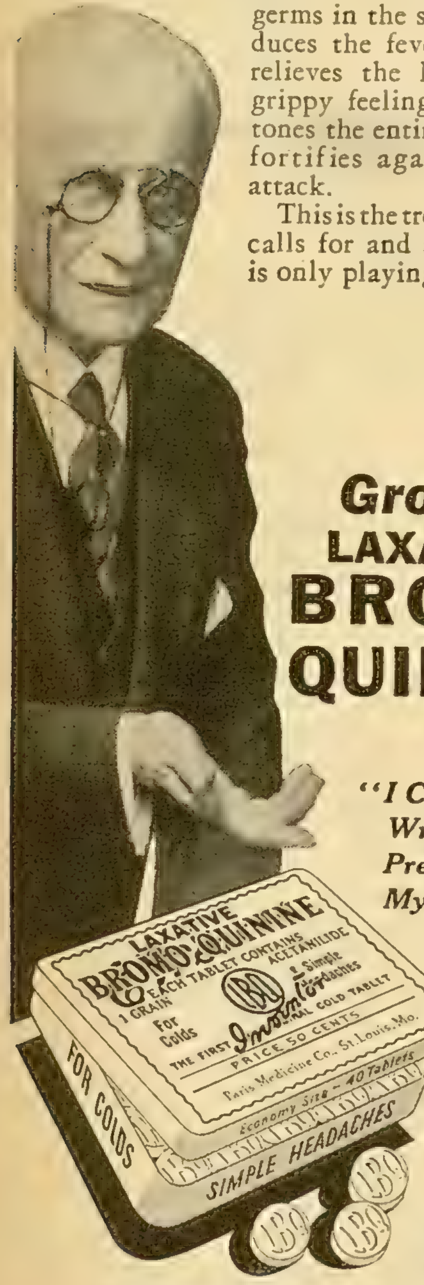
Attack a cold from the inside and attack it with a remedy that does the four things necessary for *complete* relief.

The Four Things Necessary

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine knocks a cold and knocks it quickly because it does the four things required.

First of all, it opens the bowels gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is only playing with a cold.



Grove's LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

New Economy Size Pocket Tin

In addition to the regular box of 20 tablets for 30c, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is now packed and sold in convenient pocket-size tins containing 40 tablets for 50c. 20 per cent more value for your money.

And then those puffs of white smoke, with bright orange flashes on the ground, with the plane dipping in a swift angle and the straw roofs of Kiang-hung rising to meet it.

"Unless there is too much barb wire," Barclay had said, "we can land in the square."

It was touch and go. Natives ran screaming. Shell-torn poles clawed at the fuselage.

But Barclay set the plane down on the hammered mud, cramped her sharply about a stone barricade, smashed a wing, and shut off the steaming motor.

An excited, yelling blur of yellow faces hemmed them in. Barclay completely ignored them. He helped Cicely to the ground, glanced about the square, picked out the flag of the Chinese Republic hanging limply above a shot-battered building, and with, "I imagine you will find your husband there," led her toward it.

While she was still in the roadway Blake appeared in the door at the top of a flight of low steps, his gray eyes fastened on the broken plane. He wore a shirt which had once been white, a pair of dirty canvas breeches, muddy boots; about his waist, slung low, was a leather belt with two dangling blue automatics swinging with his stride.

The Jason Blakes were popular in and about New York.

He stopped when he saw her, dead still, his lips partly open, and stared.

Cicely, with sixteen thousand miles behind her, could not take the last ten steps. She felt her knees tremble, felt herself falling, and the next moment she was in Blake's arms in a cool, straw-hung interior which smelled of boiling rice.

"Honey—honey—" he was saying; and she was clinging to his torn shirt and crying, "Don't ever leave me again, Jay! Don't ever dare!"

THEY celebrated presently, an occasional shell bursting over the city, Barclay with them. As the men laughed together Cicely wondered why on earth they had once tried to kill each other over a Persian Cossack named Reza Khan. If it meant nothing more to them than it did now, if it was only a gigantic game they played for the sport, how utterly futile! And it was a game. Blake cared nothing for the cause of the Chinese army—he would have fought as readily for the Japanese or the French. She admitted there was a thrill in it—even for her; the Forest Hills tennis courts seemed terribly tame and remote. Thrilling, yes—but not so thrilling as a cottage on the Hudson with birds to sing instead of bullets!

They drank tea with cognac, the sun slanting through straw blinds, and an increasing roar beating over Kiang-hung. An orderly interrupted them with a stream of rapid Chinese. Blake rose reluctantly — anxiously, she thought.

"Another attack," he said. "Cicely, you will remain here."

She was at his side before he could turn. "I am going with you."

He regarded her coldly, as he might have regarded an objectionable lieutenant. "In New York," he said sharply, "I took your orders—played bridge when you commanded, danced when you gave the word. Here you take mine. Look after her, will you, Barclay?"

He slammed the door on her, slammed and locked it!

For a moment she beat on the door with clenched fists.

Barclay's low laughter made her stop.

"Same old Blake!" he said.

SHE turned, her eyes blazing. "Why does he do it?" she demanded. "What does he care for China?"

"It's something in the blood," said Barclay. "Why did you come sixteen thousand miles to find him?"

"I love him. That is different. But this is so useless, so futile—"

"Futile, is it? Listen, Mrs. Blake. If those wild-eyed bandits get over the pile of rock that surrounds this town I wouldn't give a counterfeit yen for any of our lives!"

For hours the city thundered to the noise of battle.

Cicely moved from window to window, her heart pounding. Somewhere out in that darkness was Blake, her husband, perhaps wounded, even killed. It was terrible to be so close to him, yet so far away.

The window shutters rustled as though in a wind; chips of yellow straw flew across the room and splashed on the floor.

Blake came at last—came when she had given him up—panting, a cut on his forehead dripping blood.

"They're through," he said dully.

Barclay's lean face went pale.

"My men are cut to pieces. The rebels are swarming over the city. There's a machine gun in that corner, Barclay. Set it up by the window, will you?"

He came to Cicely and took her in his arms, gently.

"Sorry, honey, I dragged you into this."

"I love you, Jay."

"You must."

"It—it's more fun than contract bridge, anyhow."

He smiled grimly. "Listen, honey. Did you ever fire a revolver?"

"Never."

"You may have to. Do you think

you could hit your own heart, honey?"

"My own—"

"Here." He pressed warm steel into her palm. "If they get through that door, honey, use it. All you do is pull the trigger. It won't hurt."

He spoke as calmly as if they were on Park Avenue. "If we lived in a madhouse, or the Ritz, or a cottage—together—I'd love it." He was on his knees by the machine gun, working methodically with a long belt of cartridges. "If this was a book," he said over his shoulder, "here is where the U. S. Marines would come in."

The gun kicked suddenly, sputtered, roared. For a moment Cicely was on Fifth Avenue, a riveter tat-tat-tating above the heavy sound of traffic.

Then the air filled with smarting smoke and she was again in a dirty room in China, a revolver in her hand, bullets flattening against the wall, and a yellow crowd screaming, shrieking in the flashing street outside.

Once the gun jammed. She saw Blake smashing at its mechanism with his clenched fist; saw Barclay, his teeth shining through his beard, striking at horrible yellow faces in the window with a rifle butt. Then the gun started again, the faces melted, orange spurts showered the darkness.

There was a sudden lull. Screams, pounding feet outside. Blake, ignoring danger, leaned from the window. She saw his shoulders tighten, the muscles of his neck strain. Then she heard his voice, loud, triumphant:

"It's Chang-Sen! The Nationalists! By God—we've done it!"

UNIFORMS poured in at the door. Rifle butts thudded on the floor. A small fat belted man, a stiff uniform cap pulled smartly over his eyes, strode in.

"Colonel Blake."

"General Chang-Sen."

"My congratulations, colonel. Your defense was magnificent." The little green eyes were lighted by a gentle smile. "It is now a question of whether we can capture the entire rebel army."

"They are retreating—"

"Toward Hang-sung."

Blake's eyes glowed. He motioned swiftly toward the tattered military map on the wall.

"If we could hem them in against the Whangyse River!"

"Excellent. Will you direct the advance, Colonel Blake?"

"At once."

"Jay!"

He turned then, surprised, as if he had just remembered that Cicely was there.

"You are not going off again, are you, Jay?"

He spread his hands, wiped a trickle of blood from his forehead, and said, "You don't understand, Cicely. I am pledged to this thing—"

"You were pledged to me first."

"This is war, Cicely. It is not a time to argue—"

"We're not arguing. I said you were not going."

"I must!"

"I told you once, Jay, before you married me, that I was a very determined young lady. I meant it. I came sixteen thousand miles to tell you again. I mean it now when I say you are not going!"

He stared at her a moment, smiled, said, "I love you, Cicely."

"And I love you, Jay."

"I'll be back, honey—soon—"

He turned then and started out. She called shrilly:

"Jay!"

He did not pause. Deliberately Cicely raised the revolver in her hand—and shot him.

A second later she was on her knees beside him, her tears wetting his suddenly white face.

"I—I said you weren't going—and I meant it." . . .

Two months later the Jason Blakes were on one of Captain Dollar's liners bound for America. Behind them the coast of China was a black line against a blood-red sun. It was Cicely, leaning on the rail, who said:

"New York will seem tame—after this."

Blake looked at her with curious, respectful eyes. "I imagine," he said, "you will make it very interesting."

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Primps for Hours for a Party
—Ignores her Teeth and Gums
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THOSE hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

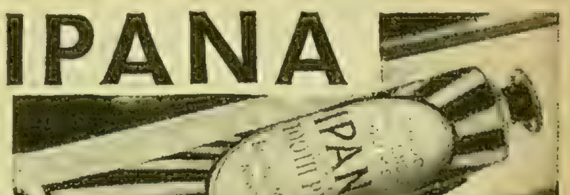
"Pink" upon your tooth brush indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily. This condition may lead not only to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but to dingy, grayish teeth—so that some day you may think twice before you smile!

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed, by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-132, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.



Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, and Roscoe Karns in one of the scenes from If I Had a Million, the story of what happened to several people who unexpectedly found that they had one.

Rich *and*

(Reading time: 8 minutes 40 seconds.)

TELLING several parallel stories in one picture is a difficult job. Griffith tried it in Intolerance, wherein he endeavored to show the same theme at work in Babylon, Palestine, France of the Middle Ages, and a modern story. Toward the end, when the sequences were intercutting fast toward the big punch, my companion exclaimed: "If they don't watch out, Belshazzar will be run over by the automobile!" Paramount has tried a new stunt—taking eight distinct stories and stringing them on to one stout cord that motivates them all. The result is a technical triumph.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ + IF I HAD A MILLION

CAST

Gallagher, Gary Cooper; Violet, Wynne Gibson; Eddie Jackson, George Raft; The Clerk, Charles Laughton; John Glidden, Richard Bennett; Mulligan, Jack Oakie; Mary Wallace, Frances Dee; Henry Peabody, Charlie Ruggles; Emily, Alison Skipworth; Rollo, W. C. Fields; Mrs. Peabody, Mary Boland; O'Brien, Roscoe Karns; Mrs. Walker, May Robson; John Wallace, Gene Raymond; Zeb, Lucien Littlefield.

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Produced by Paramount.

S'posen you were one of about two hundred clerks who cordially disliked your job and, armed with a newly arrived check for a million dollars, took the chance at last to pay your disrespects to the boss—what would you say? That's one of the situations in this play, and apparently Charles Laughton voices the ribald expressions of everybody in the audience, for his outrageous insult gets the biggest laugh in the picture.

This is the celluloid set-up: Richard Bennett, about to die, is so disgusted with relatives and charity organizations awaiting his demise that he decides to give a million dollars each to certain people picked at random from the city directory. These are the lucky recipients: Charles Ruggles, a clerk in a china store; Wynne Gibson, a girl in a speakeasy; Charles Laughton, a bookkeeper; George Raft, a crook; Alison Skipworth, a broken-down old vaudevillian; Gene Raymond, a murderer about to be hanged; Gary Cooper, a marine; and May Robson, an inmate of an old ladies' home.

Ruth Chatterton and James Murray in Frisco Jenny, a tale of the coast city before, during, and after the earthquake and fire.

Paramount has packed more fun, excitement, and entertainment into those eight stories, a prologue, and an epilogue than you've ever seen.

★ ★ UNDER-COVER MAN

CAST

Nick Darrow, George Raft; Lora Madigan, Nancy Carroll; Dannie, Roscoe Karns; Martoff, Gregory Ratoff; Kenneth Mason, Lew Cody; Connie, Noel Francis; Inspector Conklin, David Landau; Sam Dorse, Paul Porcasi.

Directed by James Flood.
Produced by Paramount.

This crime story is not only exciting and full of suspense but its principal characters are enacted by two of the most popular crooks of the screen—George Raft, slow-eyed and sinister, and Lew Cody, mean, and dangerous to the gal.

George's father and Nancy Carroll's brother have been killed by a gang, working Wall Street, of which Lew Cody is the head. George is no lily himself, but he offers his underworld services to the district attorney, and straightway he plunges himself and Nancy into situations that have you gasping until Lew is dragged off to the donjon keep.

The curious thing about the movies is that its heroes are so often horrid in real life, while crooks like Lew and George are really charming fellows.

Gregory Ratoff does a fine job as a crook master mind; Roscoe Karns fools you completely in his part; and David Landau makes a swell police officer.

An Eight-Story Picture, a New Underworld Feature, A Barbary Coast Talkie, and Clara Bow's Latest

By
ROB WAGNER

George Raft and Nancy Carroll in Under-Cover Man. The screen's other favorite villain, Lew Cody, is also in this.

Rough

★ ★ FRISCO JENNY

CAST

Jenny, Ruth Chatterton; Dan Reynolds, Donald Cook; Dan McAllister, James Murray; Steve Dutton, Louis Calhern; Willie Gleason, Hallam Cooley; O'Hoolihan, Pat O'Malley; Kelly, Robert Warwick; Weaver, Harold Huber; Amah, Helen Jerome Eddy; Good Book Charlie, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Harris, J. Carroll Naish; Rose, Noel Francis; Sandoval, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Kilmer, Sam Godfrey.

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by First National.

This story, written by Gerald Beaumont, and adapted to the screen by Robert Lord and Wilson Mizner, is the saga of San Francisco before, during, and after the earthquake.

Frisco Jenny (Ruth Chatterton) was born and brought up in her father's honkatonk on the Barbary Coast. Her sweetie, the piano puncher of the joint, is killed in the earthquake, and so her baby is brought up in "sin." Jenny farms him out to a family in Oakland. She then becomes a lady of joy.

Years pass and Jenny is now a "madame," furnishing girls for naughty parties. Her son is made district attorney and there you have the big situation.

Unfortunately Miss Chatterton is too "nice" to make her part convincing—no vulgarity, profanity, or even the jargon of the underworld.

★ CALL HER SAVAGE

CAST

Nasa Springer, Clara Bow; Moonglow, Gilbert Roland; Sunny De Lan, Thelma Todd; Lawrence Crosby, Monroe Owsley; Ruth Springer, Estelle Taylor; Pete Springer, Willard Robertson; Jay Randall, Anthony Jowitt; Cyrus Randall, Hale Hamilton; Ronasa, Weldon Heyburn.

Directed by John Francis Dillon.
Produced by Fox.

If Clara Bow's new impresarios had hoped to reëstablish their pet as a lady, they did not choose a happy vehicle, for her part in this picture is about as ladylike as that of a wildcat fed on firecrackers. True, it gives her a chance to wear every kind of clothes—and to unwear them for IT purposes!—but it takes more than nine ladies' tailors to make an actress, and at no time does the young star deserve that name. A frown, followed by a giggle, is her stock stunt, and in her deeply emotional moments she emotes like a bisque doll.

And the story! Well, it has quantity if not quality. There is everything in it from covered wagons to the Empire State Building, and Clara goes from rags to riches, back and forth, whenever the director needs a change of locale. At one sad point in her pilgrimage the poor girl even threatens to go white-slaving. Why? Simply to get enough money to have a prescription filled for her baby! However, grandpap dies just in the nick of time and leaves her one hundred thousand dollars! Then back she goes to breaking bric-a-brac among the soup-and-fishermen of Park Avenoo.

Clara's bad temper is accounted for in the long opening sequences which show her grandfather as a rough brute, and later on her father becomes a refined brute. But at the "wash-up," we learn that Clara's *real* father was a poetic Indian sweetheart of her mother. This makes it okeh for Clara to marry her half-breed sweetie, but it does curious things to the story.

No, they'll have to do better by our Nell than this if they hope to put her back in her heavenly place.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

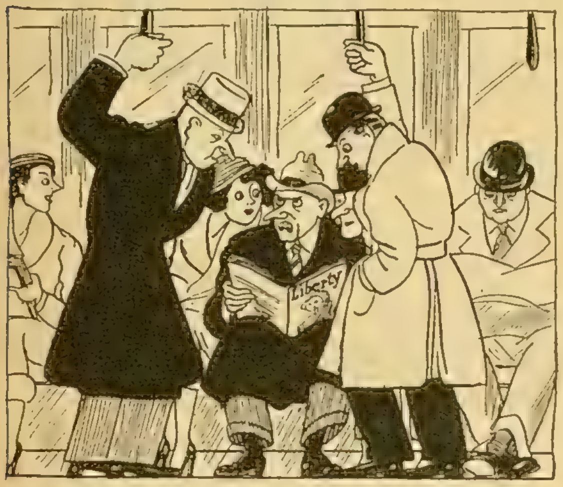
★★★★—Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive.

Call Her Savage is the vehicle for Clara Bow's comeback. She is shown here with Anthony Jowitt.

You Should Have Charged an Admission Fee

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—After hearing about this famous magazine Liberty from every source imaginable, and succeeding in shaking five pennies out of Junior's bank (without my wife seeing me), I bought a Liberty on the way to the office. I boarded a street car and, after finding a seat, commenced to read. Just when I had become especially wrapped up in a serial story, I felt the person on my left nudging me to turn the page, stating that she had read that page over three times already and was very anxious to finish reading the installment for that week before she got off the car.



The party on the right then asked me if I would turn to Bright Sayings of Children (she explained that she had contributed a remark of her brilliant brat, and would like to see if it was accepted).

After that, the car became crowded, and every passenger shared in the "Community Magazine." I passed out of the picture and awoke to find myself in a hospital. Now I am recuperating from nervous prostration. Is it any wonder?—*M. Buzzlebroome.*

A New Plan for Relief of the Wheat Farmer

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Liberty is to be commended for the way in which it places its views before the people of this continent, and also the views of its readers.

I have been trying to figure out how the present wheat problem could be solved whereby business would be brought back to normal. Why could not a National Wheat Week be set aside for the collection of money, to the extent of one dollar per person, from all people who desire to see better times? I believe there are at least forty million people in the U. S. A. who would willingly risk one dollar on the outcome.

With this immense sum you could go into the market and buy wheat from the Farm Board and diminish the visible supply by at least seventy-five million bushels. This wheat would on no account be used for milling purposes on this continent, but would be given as a gift to countries who at this time have not the money to buy, and on condition that these countries, such as China, provide the shipping to get the wheat out of the country.

Canada could also put on a National Wheat Week for the same purpose, which would, I am sure, be supported by all patriots.—*Leslie Osborne.*

There Will Be a Second Article on Congress by Stevenson Next Week

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Liberty is to be commended for publishing the article Congress Cashes In, by Charles Stevenson, in the December 17 issue. A distinct public service was rendered.

The fact that an irate Senate employee made a disturbance in the Senate Press Gallery a day or so later, threatening violence to the author, demonstrates that there must have been general concern on Capitol Hill after the story had reached the millions of Liberty subscribers.—*E. E. Woods.*

UVALDE, TEX.—Congress Cashes In is an eye-opener. The people need that information. It is certainly laughable for some distinguished senator to offer a resolution to investigate a bad smell in Denmark when there is a family of skunks under his own desk. Let Charles Stevenson give us some more facts.—*H. C. Hornby.*

They Make Nice Wall Paper

TORONTO, CAN.—Put this into Vox Pop if you like, my dear editor. I have for some time past assailed your magazine with a regular barrage of short short stories, but have so far received only cute little rejection slips by way of condolence. I have always been a regular reader of your magazine, reading it from cover to cover, but methinks I shall have to cease squandering my weekly nickel.

In order to console myself I have made it a practice to stick all your slips of condolence around the walls of my room, and every time I look at them I swear to myself that I'll never buy another Liberty as long as I live; but when the day for the next week's issue comes around I am drawn irresistibly toward the nearest news stand, and after glancing through its contents, pay another hard-earned nickel and walk away with your darn' little magazine.—*Dennis O'Sullivan.*

Glad You Like Something

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—The only thing good in your magazine is Vox Pop because other people write it.—*H. B. Comer.*

Here's a Soldier Who Likes Our Editorials

BROOKS FIELD, TEX.—Your Charity Racketeering editorial in Liberty of December 3 was superb!

What a trick fate has played that there can't be an appropriate award for an editorial such as Charity Racketeering.

Some award should be devised for the party capable of being instrumental in forcing all charitable organizations to be governmentally inspected and a periodical financial report published, accurately stating the disposition of all funds.

D. H. Plackard

The fact that voluminous graft saturates many of our fine charitable organizations is not conducive to a benevolent state of mind. The situation is morbid and most depressing—exorbitant sums, intended for those helpless, starved, and shelterless thousands, going into the stretched pockets of gloated public-spirited dispatchers of charitable funds.—*D. H. Plackard.*

It Would Be a Nice Walk Even on Snowshoes

CHICAGO, ILL.—My husband and I each buy a Liberty as soon as it is on the news stands each week. I am just a homesick girl from San Francisco, and it's only stories like They Went Up Euclid Avenue, by Mamie Dennis, in your December 17 issue, that keeps me from getting out my snowshoes and walking back.

Each week I get Liberty and hope for the name of a San Francisco street to be in it, and at last I was rewarded by the mention of the old town itself.

I TANK I GO HOME!

I immensely enjoyed the story called Squad Call in a recent issue.

The story took place on the South Side (almost next door to where I happen to live).

May I never be too old to read Liberty from cover to cover. And don't forget I read Vox Pop.—*Lillian Gleason.*

POP

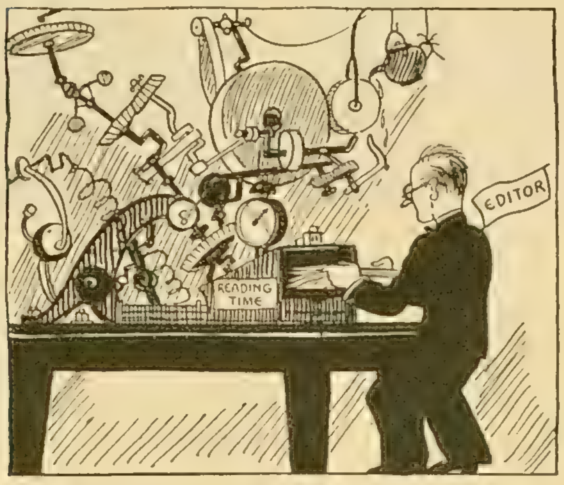
adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

Our Artist Gives You the 1933 Reading Timer

SARASOTA, FLA.—I am ashamed to say I enjoy Liberty every week, but I agree with "Bookish" of Montreal in Vox Pop about your first stories. Some of them should be last stories or not at all.

I would like to meet and hear read the person that measures your stories in minutes and seconds.

I'm sure it would be amusing to hear Mr. Lang of Vox Pop, Liberty, December 3, talk in his modern language, use his correct sneers, and practice artistic long-distance spitting.—*Elton McLeod.*



A Dry Suggestion

ST. CROIX FALLS, WIS.—And now that the nation has chosen a beer advocate to sit in the White House, above which Old Glory floats, and has given the booze gang lively hopes of tying this country to the tail of a beer truck, how about having a new national flag—a flag with a mug of beer in the center, topped with heavy froth, and bars radiating? Also new coins minted, reading: "In Beer We Trust"?—*C. R. Gaylord.*

Here Are Two Readers Who Seem Pleased—

SAN JUAN, LA UNION, P. I.—I am a constant reader of Liberty Magazine and think it is the best weekly in all America.

Almost invariably I read your excellent editorials first, and the stories later. I love the many features too, only we in the Philippines are not given ample time to participate in your interesting puzzle contests. I hope you will help in popularizing the Philippine question among American readers.—*Manuel Abad Gaerlan.*

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Those crabbers who write to you saying how awful Liberty is give me a pain. I do not believe there is any law which compels them to read it.

I have read every issue, beginning with Number One, and usually enjoy it. If I don't like any article or story, I pass it up.—*Edwin Barthman.*

—And Still Another

NEWARK, N. J.—I am reading Dark of the Moon, by Dorothy Wayman and Edward Doherty, and want to say that it has made me an ardent reader of Liberty forever.

I would like to know why we never hear any Vox Poppers boosting the short short stories. That is the first page I read after I purchase my copy of Liberty.—*Lillian Stein.*

A Lady on Prohibition

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—The letter published in Vox Pop from a loyal Girl Scout was really quite funny, coming so soon after the recent election.

Why shouldn't Liberty knock the Eighteenth Amendment? Any sane-minded person will admit that it is a complete failure. The quicker it is repealed the better off this country will be. My own state of California repealed its dry law by a four-to-one vote. Seven other states repealed theirs the same day. If most people felt that prohibition was a success, our President-elect would be William D. Upshaw, the dry candidate.

Mrs. Charles V. Eckert, Jr.

As it is, Franklin D. Roosevelt, an ardent wet and advocate for repeal, came in on a great landslide. I guess that clearly indicates that the people realize its failure.

I am a young married woman, and intend to raise at least one girl some day. Believe me, she will never be permitted to join a girls' organization unless something is done in the way of keeping young people in such organizations more broad-minded.

Many of them are wonderful influences for good, teaching fine things to our girls, but usually too many dry, religious minds try to run them.

Here's to Liberty, my favorite friend. Here's to the beer we'll have by next summer!—*Mrs. Charles V. Eckert, Jr.*

A Cheer for General Bullard

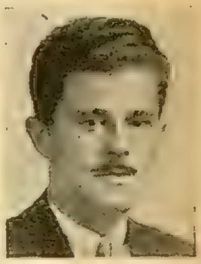
OAK PARK, ILL.—Hurrah for General Robert Lee Bullard and his article How to Keep Peace on Earth in the December 24 issue. What we need is a heavy barrage of articles along this line.

If I may be permitted to add: Until the pacifists, idealists, and other individuals are willing to throw out of their lives selfishness, arrogance, hatred, and other negative qualities and replace them with brotherly love, humanity will continue to destroy and disrupt, and will not dare to discard the machinery of warfare, and universal peace will be but a dream.—*Carl C. Marshall.*

The Returns Come in from Old Broadway

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Once before I wrote to Liberty begging you to accept my compliments for recognizing the qualities of faith, courage, and devotion evident in so many of your articles.

I went Liberty a long time ago. No bluenose am I, hailing from the gayest crossroad in the world, Broadway. Keep up the good work of giving the people something to think about—*Thomas Kostick.*


Thomas Kostick

The Hell Hounds Articles

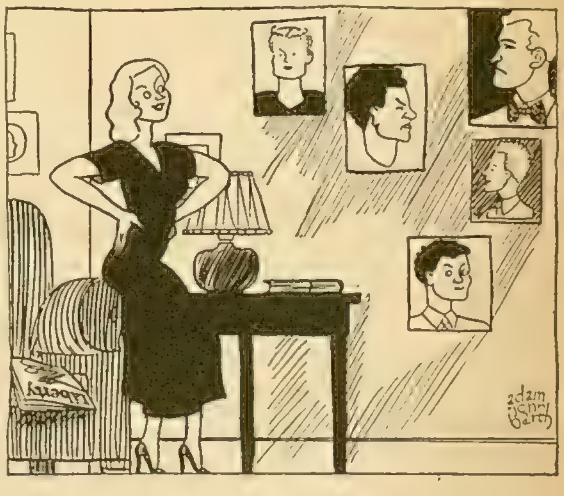
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Say, listen here, you old walrus of an editor. You finally went and done it with Hell Hounds! by ex-Legionnaire 1384. Boy, is it thrilling!—*Joe Garfield.*

Looking for a "He Man"

LINCOLN, NEB.—Say! Take pity on a poor hard-working stenographer. I've been waiting, waiting, waiting, and still am—till I'm getting desperate, so please do something quick.

You know every female loves to gaze upon the picture of a real "he man." Why don't you put some pictures of a real man with broad shoulders, curly hair, and all that, on the covers of Liberty? I'm getting tired of staring at pictures of my own sex. The opposite sex is my craving.

In the December 17 issue you had a good start for a real one. Ah! Those manly hands and those strong-looking, well built legs made my heart flutter and beat faster. I tried to imagine the rest of him, but failed completely. Here's hopin' you'll finish him in the next issue. By the way, I don't care whether you make 'em blond or brunette, but for pity sakes make 'em, so the weaker sex will have some interest in Liberty. No doubt somewhere there is another stenographer that thinks the same.—*Frances G. Stilwell.*



FOURTH WEEK'S CASH PRIZE WINNERS!

$5,000 IN CASH AWARDS FOR SNAPSHOTS

LIBERTY OFFERS 51 LAST WEEK PRIZES

HERE'S your last chance to enter the Home-Life Snapshot Contest. This final week's entries close Monday, January 23. By all means take advantage of this last opportunity to cash in on a simple snapshot.

Get your entry in before it is too late. The rules give complete information.

This $10 winner from Newark, N. J., reflects the simple dignity of Colonial furnishings.

The above home-life snapshot is awarded the $100 cash first prize.

You have exactly the same promising opportunity to win this week as the December 10 prize winners, listed on this page, had when they entered that contest. They sent in simple home-life snapshots. Certainly you can do the same. And don't overlook the five Grand Prizes of $200 each. Whether or not you win a weekly prize, you can capture one of these big awards. Grand awards will be announced in the issue following the publication of this final week's winners.

Here's news for our contest fans, if any, who are not interested in snapshotting! Next week Liberty will offer a new series of cash prizes in a contest of wits that will fascinate every member of the family. Watch for it! Enter it! Claim your share of the prizes!

DEC. 10 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

MRS. KATHERINE GORDON
San Carlos, Arizona

TEN $10 PRIZES

Howard G. Beumer, Maplewood, Mo.; Thomas Cane, Fairfield, Conn.; Louise Dedier, Newport, Ky.; Walter R. Frederick, Amherst, Ohio; Dr. R. A. Greene, Spokane, Wash.; James Greenan, Pawtucket, R. I.; Louis C. McAult, Newark, N. J.; Rupert Neile, Westbrook, Me.; Hope L. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Herbert Simon, San Francisco, Calif.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Mrs. E. A. Bostrom, Grand Forks, N. D.; Mrs. T. L. Bowman, Harriman, Tenn.; Mrs. W. J. Broome, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Marguerite Barkhoff, Kimball, Neb.; Mrs. J. D. Blacow, Irvington, Calif.; Miss Mary Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Charles J. Belden, Pitchfork, Wyo.; Mabel Christie, Falmouth, Mich.; Esther May Carter, Linda, Ky.; George T. Crabtree, Piqua, Ohio; R. F. Crump, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Robert W. Dickenson, Decatur, Ill.; Julia M. Ditchen, Cincinnati, Ohio; Gerhard Ellwanger, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. T. Fitzgerald, Ingersoll, Ont.; E. Frost, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. R. S. Hill, Highland Park, Ill.; A. C Hanson, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth Heidt, Philadelphia, Pa.; Oscar Jensen, Perrysburg, Ohio; Mrs. H. T. Kurrasch, Portland, Ore.; R. L. Levett, Scottsboro, Ala.; A. C. Loeb, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Vendla Larson, Ishpeming, Mich.; Adele Lane, St. Hilaire, Que.; Cornelia McDonald, Muskogee, Okla.; Wilson Nearhoof, Bellwood, Pa.; Karl R. Otto, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; George Parke, Ofahoma, Miss.; Mrs. J. Robert Perry, New Iberia, La.; Edythe B. Reid, Stratford, Conn.; Wilbur Roth, Evansville, Ind.; Carl Risley, Briarcliff, N. Y.; P. F. Stoneman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Agnes Meade, Binghamton, N. Y.; Hattie D. Tuthill, Hawley, Pa.; Helen Norris Vecchione, Neptune, N. J.; N. Vernon Wood, Banff, Alta.; N. R. Griffith, Kansas City, Kan.

SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

MORE CASH PRIZE WINNERS AND A BIG NEW CONTEST NEXT WEEK

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

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MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
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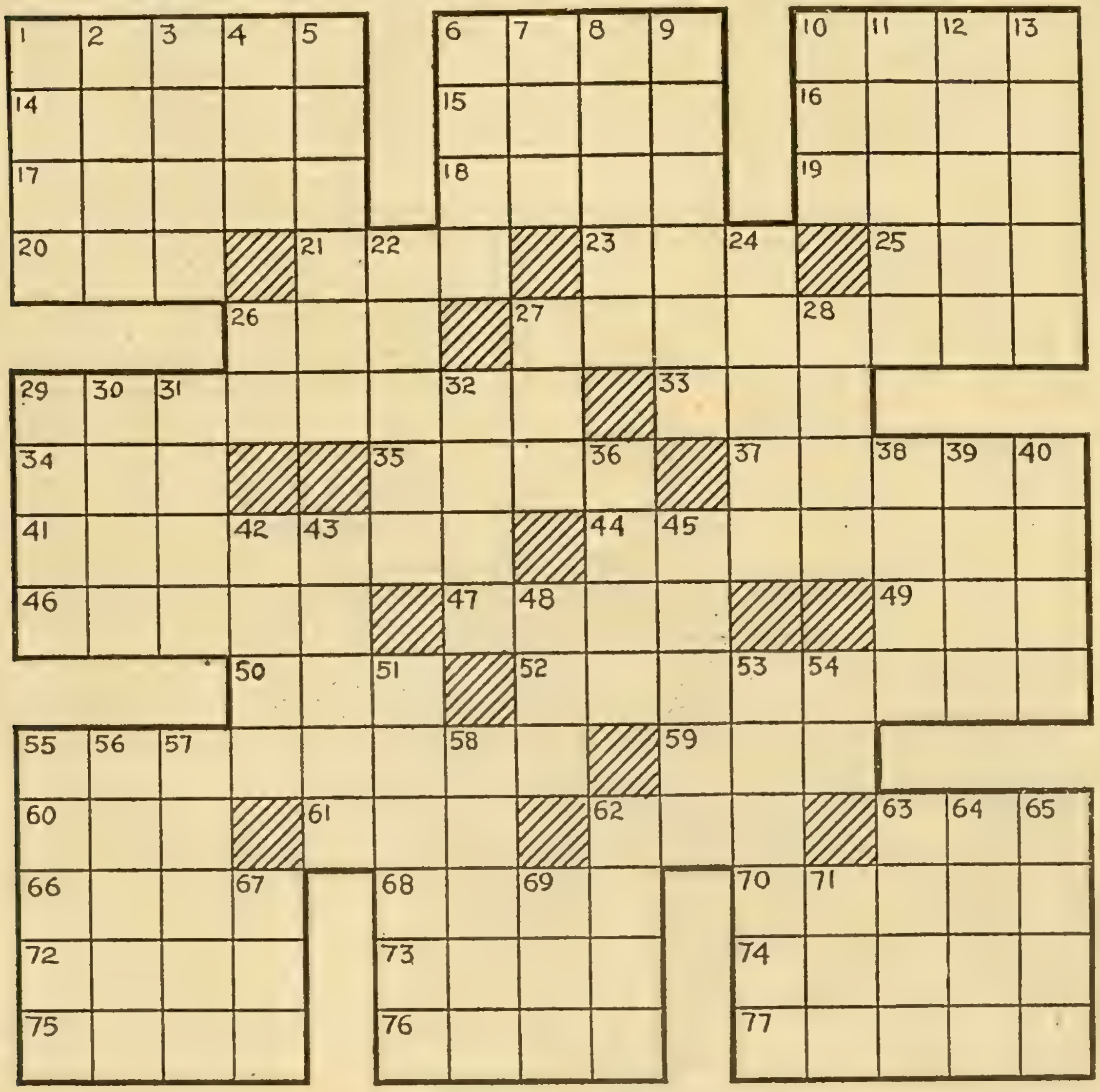
The Master Photo Finishers of America
Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada

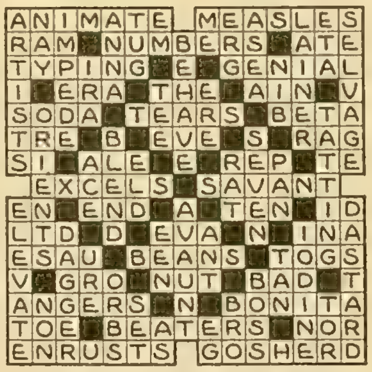
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 The calcareous skeleton of various Actinozoa
6 Adipose tissues
10 Represents dramatically on the stage
14 Irregular
15 An entrance
16 The spirit of evil (Hindu mythology)
17 Stories
18 One of a people of Hindustan
19 Neat
20 A right-angled extension to a house (var.)
21 Frosting
23 Consumed
25 Point won by service stroke (tennis)
26 Syllable sounded in solmization
27 Howls, as a wolf
29 One of the lesser nobility (plural)
33 Weep convulsively
34 Central American fabaceous tree
35 Enemies
37 Birds intermediate between swans and ducks
41 Despises
44 Church dignitary
46 Purloin
47 Twist about
49 Yellow ocher
50 Plunder
52 Knight's armor-bearer (plural)
55 Soothed
59 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene



ANIMATE MEASLES
RAM■NUMBERS■ATE
TYPING■E■GENIAL
I■ERA■THE■AIN■V
SODA■TEARS■BETA
TRE■B■EVE■S■RAG
SI■ALE■E■REP■TE
EXCELS■SAVANT
EN■END■A■TEN■ID
LTD■D■EVA■N■INA
ESAU■BEANS■TOGS
V■GRO■NUT■BAD■T
ANGERS■N■BONITA
TOE■BEATERS■NOR
ENRUSTS GOSHERD

Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Past
61 Cooking vessel
62 Suffix used to form feminine nouns
63 Evening
66 A ceremony
68 State of disorder
70 Beneath
72 Level
73 Ireland
74 Man's name
75 Arranges for drying, as new-mown grass
76 Withered
77 Pitchers

VERTICAL

1 The Cetacea (zoöl.)
2 Pertaining to the mouth
3 An official document
4 Mother of Peer Gynt
5 Morbid change in the tissue of organs (medical)
6 Destiny
7 Commotion
8 Pertaining to tides
9 State of affairs
10 Territorial division in Denmark
11 Measure of weight for gems
12 A very short time
13 Men of wisdom
22 Divided
24 Funeral oration
26 Thus
27 Employment
28 One of Adam's sons
29 Small plots of cultivated land
30 To instigate
31 A fixed routine
32 Pitch
36 A goad to action
38 Comfort
39 Agitate
40 Lampreys
42 Fruiting spikes of any cereal
43 A sailing vessel
45 One of the legendary founders of Rome
48 Youth
51 Accuses
53 Guarantee
54 An element (symbol in chemistry)
55 Mark to indicate insertion in printers' proofs
56 A pointed arch (architecture)
57 Celebrated
58 Accustom to (var.)
62 Slave
63 Margin
64 To shift
65 Strays
67 Printers' measures
69 Title of respect
71 The present

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"MOIST THROAT" FOUND SECRET OF COUGH RELIEF

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny bottles continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

Then these "bottles" get plugged up, phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Your throat feels hot and dry. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when the flow of the natural fluid is increased, loosening the phlegm so that it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely deaden the nerves . . . but don't get at the root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, which doctors have prescribed for many years, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's *natural* moisture and brings quick relief. It helps nature heal that cough from the inside out.

When you feel that warning dryness take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN. It's absolutely safe. Sold at all drug stores, 60¢.

ENDS CORNS

STOPS PAIN AT ONCE!

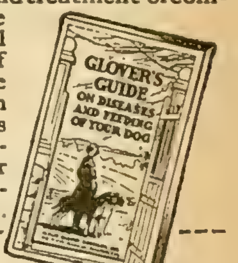
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn, callous and bunion pain in one minute! Soothe and heal and remove the cause — shoe pressure. Prevent blisters or sore toes from new or tight shoes. Don't cut your corns and risk infection. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the new separate *Medicated Disks*, now included at no extra cost, for quickly and safely removing corns and callouses. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FAMOUS DOG BOOK FREE

SEND FOR IT NOW— WATCH ME THRIVE ON PROPER CARE

When your dog is healthy he needs care to keep him in the pink of condition. When sick he needs intelligent treatment to make him well. In both instances, Glover's 48-page Guide Book, explaining the symptoms and treatment of common dog ailments, and the true facts about **DISTEMPER**, as well as advice on the regular care of the dog, should be handy before emergencies arise. Mail coupon for your copy NOW! Bulletins on CATS or FOXES or RABBITS mailed on request. Our Veterinarian will answer questions on any animal ailments free.


GLOVER'S GUIDE ON DISEASES AND FEEDING OF YOUR DOG

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
Dept. X, 119 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your Guide Book on Diseases and Feeding of Dogs.

Name ....
Address ....
City and State ....

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL ANIMAL MEDICINES

HELL HO

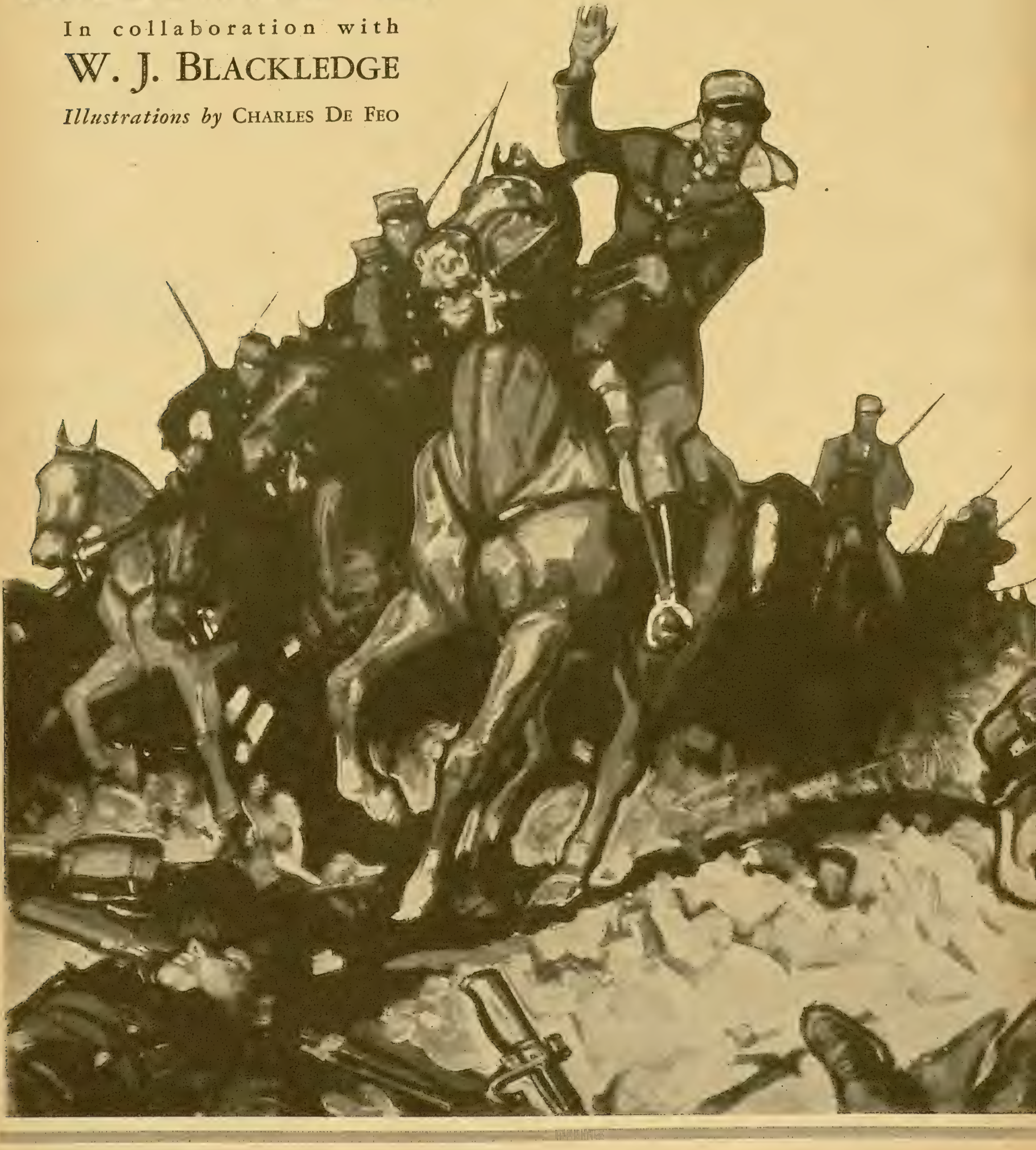
By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO



UNDS!

Marched Out of Paradise—Death Strikes at Midnight—The End of Sergeant Lopez—A Debauch Betrays a Murderer—Terror in Damascus

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE beginning of his idyllic adventure with the lovely Druse princess Nashalla Mamsoud, an episode which afforded him the happiest hours of his life and the only really happy ones of his years in the Foreign Legion, was set forth in last week's installment by the ex-Legionnaire. He told how she, riding out alone with her face veiled, affronted him and led him in a mad gallop over the plains, and how she invited him to her house at midnight, and there unveiled for him. Offering marriage, she entreated him to desert and fly with her to America. On his return to the barracks toward morning he was brutally flogged by the vindictive Sergeant Lopez as punishment for his absence without leave.

A few nights later, as soon as he was able, he visited Nashalla again. This time she led him to a secret vault and began showing him a fabulous treasure.

PART SEVEN—LOVE AND SLAUGHTER

I DUG my hand into a sack and brought up as many as it would hold of blood-red rubies. Heavens! How I stared! Nashalla began to laugh, seeing my open-mouthed admiration and astonishment.

"You cannot believe your eyes, John Bull?"

"But of course," I said coolly, letting the delicious things trickle through my fingers.

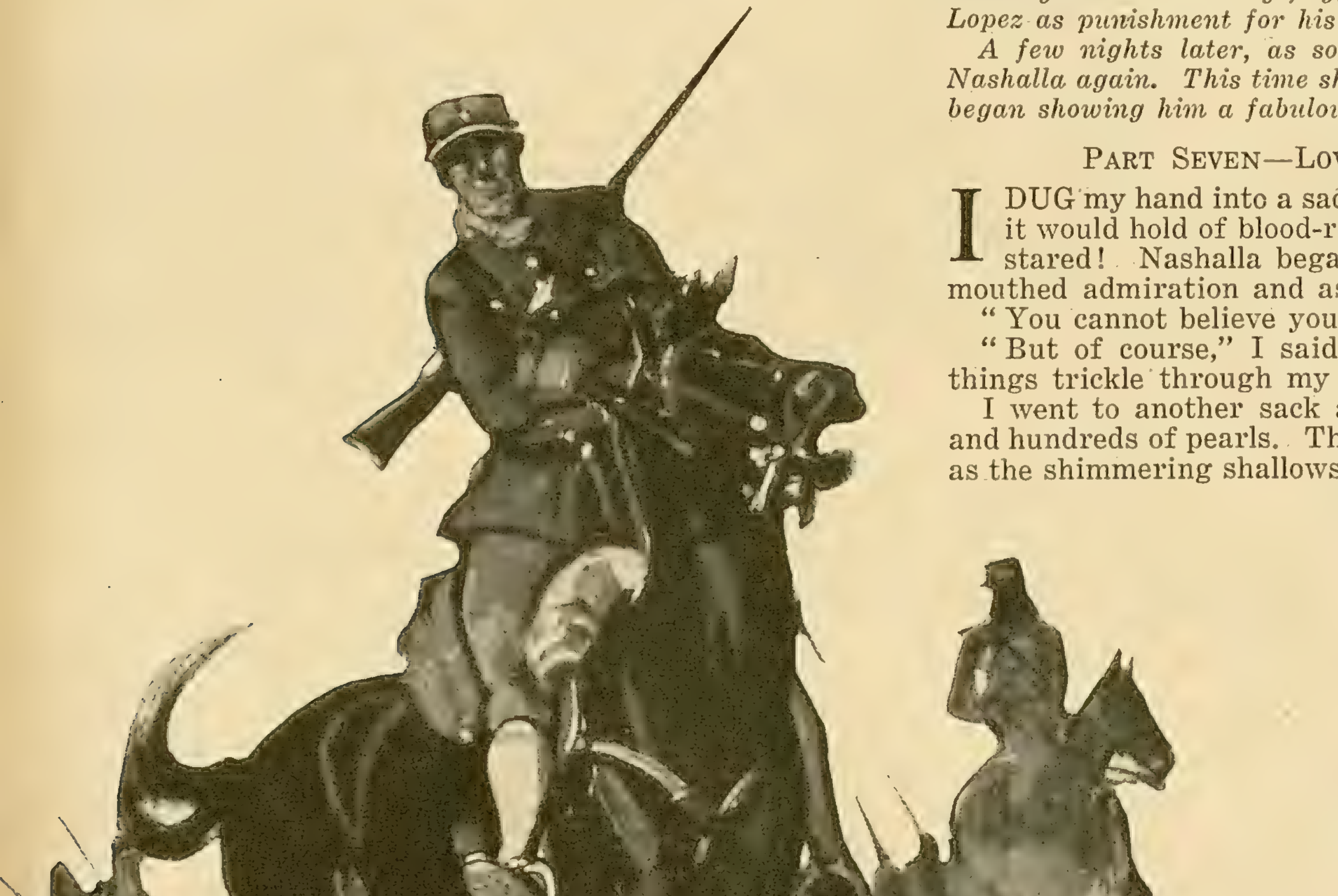
I went to another sack and did the same—hundreds and hundreds of pearls. Then another of emeralds green as the shimmering shallows, agate black as night, amber beads, cat's-eye stones, and a score of other varieties that I could not even name.

"Well," I said, trying my hardest to appear nonchalant, "you have a nice collection of stones here."

But Nashalla did not appreciate sarcasm. She took some keys from the folds of her robe and unlocked chest after chest. Loot, of course; but, my heavens, what loot! The collection of many years.

And that was not all. Much more loot had at some time or other been changed into currency. In one chest were bundles of British and French notes and American bills. It was then that I began to appreciate why Nashalla's brother had gone to America to learn business. But what a risk, what an insane risk, to show all that loot to a Legionnaire!

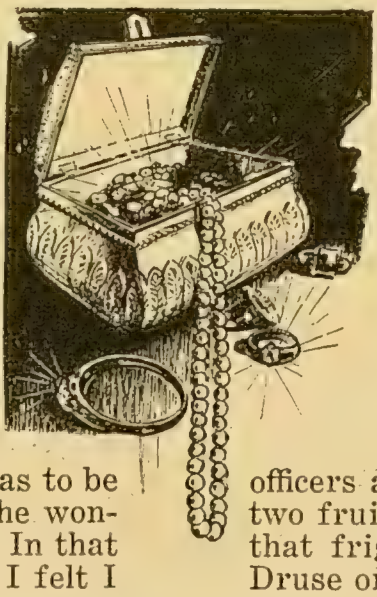
I turned to Nashalla and said as much. And she laughed. Lord, how she laughed!



Our relief had been sighted! Nearer and nearer it came—a vast column advancing at the gallop.

She was irresistible. The soft silks of her shook and shook in my arms. The dancing eyes, the bewitching mouth came close, while that caroling laugh rang its way up and down the scales. There was not a stone there in all those thousands that could scintillate as she did in those delicious moments. Just to hold the laughing creature, shimmering with love light and brimming with vitality—was ecstasy! Presently she subsided save for an occasional ripple, and lay calm, her eyes shining.

We passed from the vault into another, and in that other were a score or so of Druses, all of them armed. They stood aside hurriedly as we passed through, and there Nashalla showed me a very ingeniously arranged cofferdam, a sort of heavily built stay that kept back the water of an underground river. In a few minutes the vaulted parts of the building could be flooded to the river level. No wonder she laughed.



We went back to the room of tiled pictures.

“ You believe now that I have much money, yes? ”

And the laughter was still in her eyes.

While we smoked, seated close on that couch, she talked about our marriage, which was to be in the Druses' mode, of our coming travels, the wonderful, wonderful days that lay ahead for us. In that hour, abounding with passions and promises, I felt I could desert ten thousand French Foreign Legions, overcome any and every kind of obstacle, travel to the ends of the earth in the company of this altogether lovely and desirable creature.

She jumped up from the couch suddenly, kicked off her slippers, and began to pirouette in the center of the room, laughing softly, tantalizingly, provocatively. Her dance was not the dance of those I had seen in the Pit and other wine shops. If it had been I should have hated it. She danced for me, and it was utterly graceful, dreamlike and beautiful. She was a white flame, darting fiery essence about me, so that I burned in answer to her fire . . .

That sinuously graceful, exquisitely slender figure tore at my sense of reality as no one has ever done before or since.

I can see her now!

If only one might turn back the hands of time!

How different life might have been!

“ FOR the love of Mike, Barrington, what's bitten you? Ever since we left Homs you've been going around like a bear with a sore head! If you weren't knocked for a goal by some nice cup o' tea in Homs—well, I'm Queen Victoria! ”

“ Oh, go to hell! ”

“ Well, boy, I wouldn't have far to travel! ”

That conversation took place at a time when I couldn't stand the sight of anything in French uniform, not even a Legionnaire, not even my pal McCann. We were *en route* for Rasheiya, proceeding through mountain passes. I was fed, utterly fed! Soon we should be knee-deep in murder again, and I did not care how soon. My wonderful romance had gone west, flopped thoroughly, just at the time when I was on the point of getting away from the Legion forever. I might never see the lovely Nashalla again!

Of course my mind was full of her, wondering what she would think of my sudden disappearance.

It was the vilest piece of luck imaginable. I had visited her again, had spent another joyous night in her picturesque abode. Our plans were complete. Arrangements had been made for my final appearance on the following night, our marriage according to the rites of the Druses, and our escape to the Palestine border. I returned to barracks that night with my head full of roseate schemes for our future. For me the universe had suddenly burst into song.

And then the bombshell! I walked into barracks at three o'clock in the morning to find the whole of the Fifth Squadron tumbling out of their bunks. Even then I should have made the attempt to get away if there had been the slightest possible opportunity; I should have turned there and then and doubled back to Princess Mamsoud.

But there was not a ghost of a chance. My name was being shrieked around the place. The Skipper was bawling himself hoarse. As soon as I showed myself, Sergeant Lopez pounced upon me, and I was kicked all the way to the Skipper's quarters.

“ Barrington, *nom d'un chien!* Cursed sleepy pig! Why do you not come when I command? ”

I spent the next hectic half hour getting the Skipper ready for our march up to Rasheiya. As it was, McCann had to draw and saddle a mount for me. But all the time, as I rushed here and there and everywhere, I kept my eyes open for the smallest chance of escape. What was the use? I hadn't a dog's chance. The whole camp was roused. A full column was to march out immediately, with orders to advance on Rasheiya and keep a lookout for a band of rebels that had cut up a detachment of a hundred men and twenty-six officers.

We never found those rebels, but in a gully we came upon the mutilated bodies of the officers and men of that detachment. Then we spent two fruitless days in the neighboring hills. Save for that frightful mutilation, there was not a trace of Druse or Bedouin anywhere. The scenery, I suppose, was beautiful, but I was not in a frame of mind to appreciate it. I had been robbed of my romance and my freedom by the rottenest fluke!

“ For God's sake, Barrington,” McCann kept exhorting me, “ pull yourself together! There's going to be a lovely war as soon as we get to this Rasheiya. Besides, I guess we'll find a nice cup o' tea somewhere around.”

THAT night the column camped in the mountains. Man and beast were worn out after the long day. I, for one, remembered nothing until dawn, when I was suddenly awakened to find the squadron in a turmoil. Four of our comrades had been brutally murdered in their sleep and in circumstances that were very suspicious indeed. The four were practically in the middle of the camp. It could hardly be the work of bandits, stray Arab looters or Bedouins. For such outsiders to have done the deed would mean that they had escaped a number of sentries, ignored a lot of sleeping men, and picked on these four for no reason at all. Why should they, when there were easier marks on the outer confines of the encampment?

Obviously the four had been murdered by one or more of our own men.

Captain Dupont went around like a raving lunatic. He swore he would get to the bottom of the mystery if it meant sending the lot of us to the penal battalion. The squadron was paraded. Every man and every officer was turned out. The Skipper made exhaustive inquiries. Everybody was completely mystified. There did not seem to be a clue of any sort. Two Germans, one Dane, and one Russian, all good soldiers of the Legion, had been murdered in cold blood for no apparent reason.

One strange fact was revealed: The four men had been chums. They had been in the habit of going about together whenever the squadron was resting. Then murmurs began to float round that the men had not been murdered; that there had been a suicide pact. But that seemed hardly possible.

The Skipper was far from being satisfied. We buried the men and started on that day in a queer state of mind. If four men could be murdered like that in cold blood, in the middle of a camp, at dead of night—was any man safe? We were subjected to extra severe and brutal discipline, and there were several floggings, before we finally got on the march that morning.

As we proceeded we went higher and higher into the mountains, and by late afternoon we came upon Rasheiya, high up, towering, as if it were set on top of the world. A well made road led up to the town, which is about the most modern town there is in the Near East.

The citadel stands on an eminence overlooking the whole place, and is approached by a very steep and narrow road. The huge timbered gates were thrown open on our arrival. The place looked well fortified and practically impregnable. Companies of Spahis, Moroccan and Senegalese were lined up to receive us. One company of Senegalese was left behind to share the duties of garrison with us, and the remainder of the troops marched out *en route* for Damascus to rest.

In the following two or three days I was able to review my own problem a little more calmly. I began to hope, to dream and scheme. I must, I felt, prepare for the day when we should be near Homs again. That day was bound to come, and when it did, I determined that I should make a bolt for freedom. It did not occur to me then to wonder whether Nashalla would still be there, and if she were not, what would be my next move.

One thing that marred the peace of those first few days in Rasheiya was the brutal animosity of Sergeant Lopez toward McCann and myself. It became so insistent at times that we discussed what we should do about it. It was even worse against McCann than against myself.

The climax came through the Skipper. Rasheiya at that time was beautifully quiet, so quiet that we had time to investigate the murder of a native interpreter in the town. The Skipper sent McCann and me with Sergeant Lopez, of all people, to look into it. The sergeant rode ahead and we tailed him, telling him what we thought about him—but not loud enough for him to hear!

"Barrington," said McCann, "I'm going to get quits with Lopez before I'm much older!"

"Don't try anything on today. Wait a bit."

"Wait nothin', you poor sap! It's now or never. I can't stand the little runt any longer!"

"Be careful, Mac. He's the finest knife-thrower I've ever seen."

"Yeah? And we're the finest shots in the Legion. What say?"

"Count me out. It's too risky, with only the three of us out on a stunt like this."

We found the interpreter's house, and the sergeant made some inquiries about the killing. He learned precisely nothing, but he decided to stay at the house for a little while. Apparently the attractions of the departed interpreter's daughter appealed to him, and he ordered McCann and me to take a look round the neighborhood and make further inquiries.

I SUGGESTED to the sergeant that he should exercise great care, since there had already been one killing in the house; and for my pains I got a dirty cut across the face with his whip. The blow nearly knocked me from my horse. I was dazed for several minutes. When I came out of it, McCann was bathing my face, and the sergeant had disappeared.

"Well, can you beat it, boy? That bum in there, with his nice cup o' tea, says we must report to him in an hour. D'ya still love him? Isn't he a nice man to go riding with on a pleasant Sunday afternoon? You wait, Barrington! He'll be lucky if he sees tomorrow's daylight!"

I agreed. In those moments I was ready to go into the house after him, and put "Paid" to his account there and then. Instead, we wandered round and made a few hopeless inquiries. The result was nil, of course. One Arab offered us food and wine in his house, but I shook my head, telling him it was forbidden. Mac, however, insisted on accepting the hospitality. So it was arranged that I should keep a lookout for the sergeant while McCann indulged. Just at that moment I myself was not at all in the humor for either women or wine.

I rode round for a while with only my thoughts for company. Nashalla was still very much in them. I must have wandered rather aimlessly, for I suddenly realized that I was on the outskirts of the town. The next half hour was spent in trying to find my way back.

After a great deal of searching I came upon the house of the interpreter, and was just about to make off in the direction that Mac and I had taken when I heard a terrible scream from within. Dismounting, I dashed into the house, and almost stumbled over Sergeant Lopez.

God! What a sight he was! He was spread-eagled on the floor, a knife buried to the hilt in his neck. He was still breathing as I removed the blade, but in another moment he gave a horrible gasp and was dead. I ran through the place. There was not a soul in sight. In the courtyard near by I found several Arabs dozing in the shade. One of them had the bridle of the sergeant's horse fastened round his arm.

THEY knew nothing. They had heard nothing. Neither were they in the least moved by the sight of the bloodstained face and neck. Then McCann came on the scene.

"Suffering Mike! How did this happen, Barrington?"

I stared at my chum for a long minute, wondering if Mac were just a damned good actor.

"God knows," I said, and explained how I had heard the cry and found the dying man.

"Where's the girl?"

"I've not seen her. The place is deserted."

I swung round suddenly.

"Have you seen her, McCann?"

"Are you crazy? Where in hell should I see her?"

"All right. Let's go."

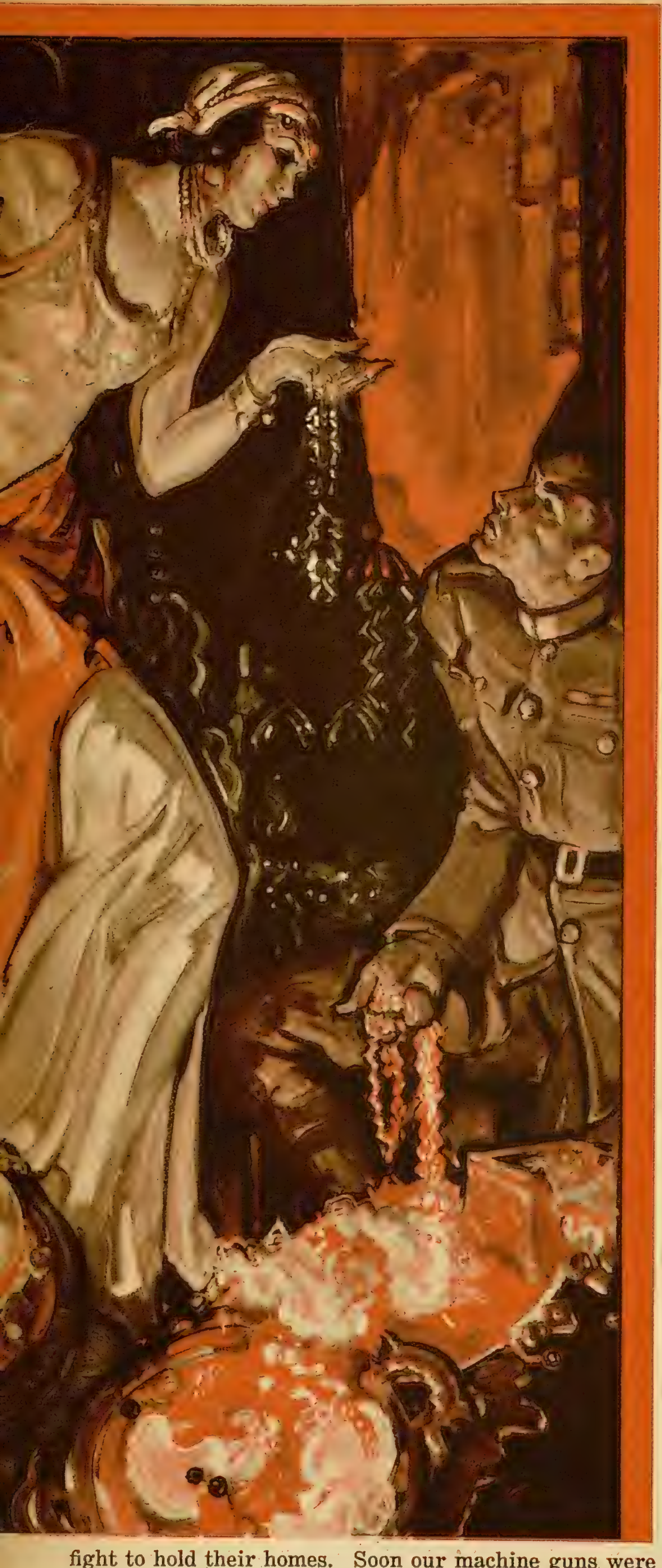
We covered up the body of Lopez, strapped it to his mount, and rode back to the citadel, where we reported the incident to Captain Dupont. He listened very attentively to our story, fired a number of questions, then stared hard and long at us both. After this uncomfortable scrutiny, during which a peculiar gleam might have been detected in his black eyes, he waved a hand of dismissal. And that was the end of Sergeant Lopez. True, a patrol was sent to make further investigations, but nothing came of it.

On the fourth day runners reported that the Druses were gathering in the hills for an attack on Rasheiya. The commandant sent out a party of men under Lieutenant Duprez to reconnoiter. The peaceful town, inhabited largely by Christian Arabs, changed overnight. Women, girls, and young children were begging to be taken into the citadel. Many of them left their menfolk and followed the troops into the fortress, and finally Captain Dupont decided that all women and children should be accommodated. It was impossible to take the men as well. Most of the women and children were simply dumped into the barrack rooms and left to fend for themselves. When the boys were not playing with the children or running after the women they were being flogged and kicked into a semblance of order and discipline.

Suddenly there came the echo of shots. Far away on the plains below we saw the reconnoitering party trying desperately to get back to the citadel. As they came nearer, five or six of them toppled from the saddle. What was left of the party came galloping up the road toward our gates. Quickly they were hustled inside and the huge gates closed and barricaded.

On the heels of that party came the Druses, advancing from all sides. Immediately below us, in the town itself, the Christian Arabs were putting up a desperate

She laughed. "You cannot believe your eyes, John Bull?"



fight to hold their homes. Soon our machine guns were spattering and chattering over their heads; by now they were terribly thinned down and driven almost to the walls of the citadel.

Nevertheless we were holding the massed hordes of yelling beasts.

The noise and din of that battle was the most heart-rending I have ever heard. The battle was strenuous enough, in all conscience. But it was not the fighting that worried us. It was the incessant screaming of the women and the wailing of children, the infernal din in our midst, harassing the men as nothing else could have done. During the second day of battle the wailing was making the men jumpy. What remained of the Christian Arabs we had by this time drawn into the fort, for our ranks were thinning, and the Senegalese had lost a big number of men.

At last the enemy retired, taking a great deal of loot from the town and a number of Arabian prisoners. They fell out of range to plot fresh mischief. That night they spent in wild singing and dancing, and a weird wailing came up to us from the plains.

During this lull a number of us went over to the women and children, who were all sheltered in the underground barrack rooms of the fort. What a sight they were! The place stank of their presence. Many of the youngsters, poor little devils, had been sadly neglected during the past three days by their wailing and helpless mothers. We did what we could. Rations were handed round. Captain Dupont gave out a double ration of wine to the men. We had to do something to drown that gnawing, ceaseless wailing and yelling that had been dinned into our ears for three days and nights.

So we became frightfully drunk and began to sing too! God! What a racket it all was—an incredible babel of sound, a frightful screeching. The children, clinging to their mothers, with chubby fists full of beef and black bread, stared, marveling, no doubt, at the wild ways of the foreigners. Some of the boys had picked up unoccupied females and were using the barrack rooms as they would a dirty wine shop, caring naught for the audience of young and old.

AND right in the middle of this crazy night of debauchery the murderer of our four comrades was discovered, and in the simplest manner. McCann and I were among the first to hear of it. We were suddenly shaken out of our drunken carousal by a young Swede, who made us understand that he had seen personal property belonging to some of the murdered men—watches and some looted antiques that they were known to have possessed.

"You're drunk, you Swedish runt!" McCann growled.

"You come, Englander! I show! Quick!"

"Come on, Mac! There may be something in this!"

We followed Jacks through the barrack rooms to a corner of the drill yard, where we found a man and a woman dead drunk. The man was a Russian belonging to our squadron, the woman was a so-called Christian Arab from the town, and she was literally smothered in loot—bracelets, necklaces, a girdle, and so forth. She had never entered the citadel with all that stuff about her person.

The Russian, when he saw what we were about, tried to put up a fight, but he was too far gone in liquor, and we soon had him down. We stripped both the woman and him of the loot. Two of the watches we found on him were inscribed with the names of the dead Legionnaires. We took him along to the Skipper, and reported the find.

Captain Dupont himself was far from being sober, but it did not take him long to get the drift of the story. The Russian was propped up against the fort wall there and then, six men were turned out, and—*phut!* That was the end of the murderer. And it had all begun through the big Russian stealing off with the little Swede's girl! He had followed and watched. Had seen the drunken display of wealth, the maudlin love-making, and the decoration of the Arabian woman. It was when he saw the display of watches that he had become suddenly suspicious, and had sought Mac and me with the story.

After that we went back to the carousing crew in the barracks and fell in where we had left off, so to speak. We had wasted enough energy on a murderer, and it seemed that we tried to make up for lost time. Opportunities lay thickly around us.

Dawn and a hail of bullets roused us from our stupor. Sultan El-Atrash's mighty hordes had been greatly reënforced during the night, and they crowded up toward the citadel with spears, swords, and rifles as if they meant to take us in one headlong charge.

Why they did not succeed in doing so will ever remain a mystery. They actually reached the big gates, and while some poured petrol over the timbered structure, others crowded about them to ward off our withering fire. Scores went down, but they succeeded in getting the gates alight, and soon the flames were soaring, scorching the men who fought on the wall above to protect them.

Lieutenant Casteg and six of our men volunteered to go out and quench the flames. They went at the peril of their lives, and before their work was done had sacrificed them.

The bodies of dead Druses were piled up under the fort walls and used as steps. One section of the walls was actually taken, and the attackers were using this vantage to pick off our men.

The sight of those Druses on the wall was the signal for renewed yelling and screaming on the part of our women and children. The Skipper, plastered with mud and sweat like his little band of men, was raving and cursing. It did not seem to matter how he exposed himself, for he went through that ghastly day with only a grazed arm. Suddenly the enemy withdrew and began to race back down the road as if chased by the whole French army.

That could mean only one thing: our relief had been sighted! Away in the distance we saw a cloud of dust. Nearer and nearer it came, until at last we could make out the various regiments that made up a vast column advancing at the gallop. It was Colonel Andrea with two squadrons of cavalry, a number of companies of Algerian troops, and a bunch of the Twenty-seventh Colonials. We learned that a mounted party of Christian Arabs had escaped from the town and made their way to Damascus, where they had informed the commandant of the gathering of Druses in the hills and the advance on Rasheiya.

Colonel Andrea found us— a small battle-scarred band of Legionnaires and a handful of Senegalese. And he was pleased to decorate us with the Flag of France.

" France is proud of you, my Legionnaires," he said.

And we grinned, thinking this a good joke.

ALL we were concerned about was getting back to Damascus and something resembling civilization.

When we had last visited Damascus the city had been in a state of siege. On our return from Rasheiya we found it quiet, ominously quiet. Not only had order been completely restored, but the authorities were ruling with an iron hand. If one were a native, one walked the streets warily.

The citizens were not merely subdued. They were cowed. We had not been in the place many hours when we realized that a wholesale system of floggings and executions was in progress. Those hideous repetitions sickened many of the Legion, and there was a natural reaction among them, which resulted in desertions. Quite a big number got away from Damascus at that time. What happened to them, God alone knows. No doubt the Partisans accounted for some of them.

And the Druses accounted for others, including some of my own friends. The Druses had a way of gathering information about the affairs of the Legion. They certainly got to know about the revolt against firing-squad duty, and they took advantage of the opportunity to induce Legionnaires to desert and go over to the enemy. In some cases big sums were offered. McCann and I heard of this through our friend Hoffman.

Hoffman, it should be explained, was one of those fellows who were perpetually hard up. In spite of his opportunities and the cheapness of the wine, he never seemed to be able to buy his own. Otherwise he was a good fellow.

To our amazement, he rolled into the Café Noir one evening with his pockets bursting with cash, and insisted on paying for everyone's drink.

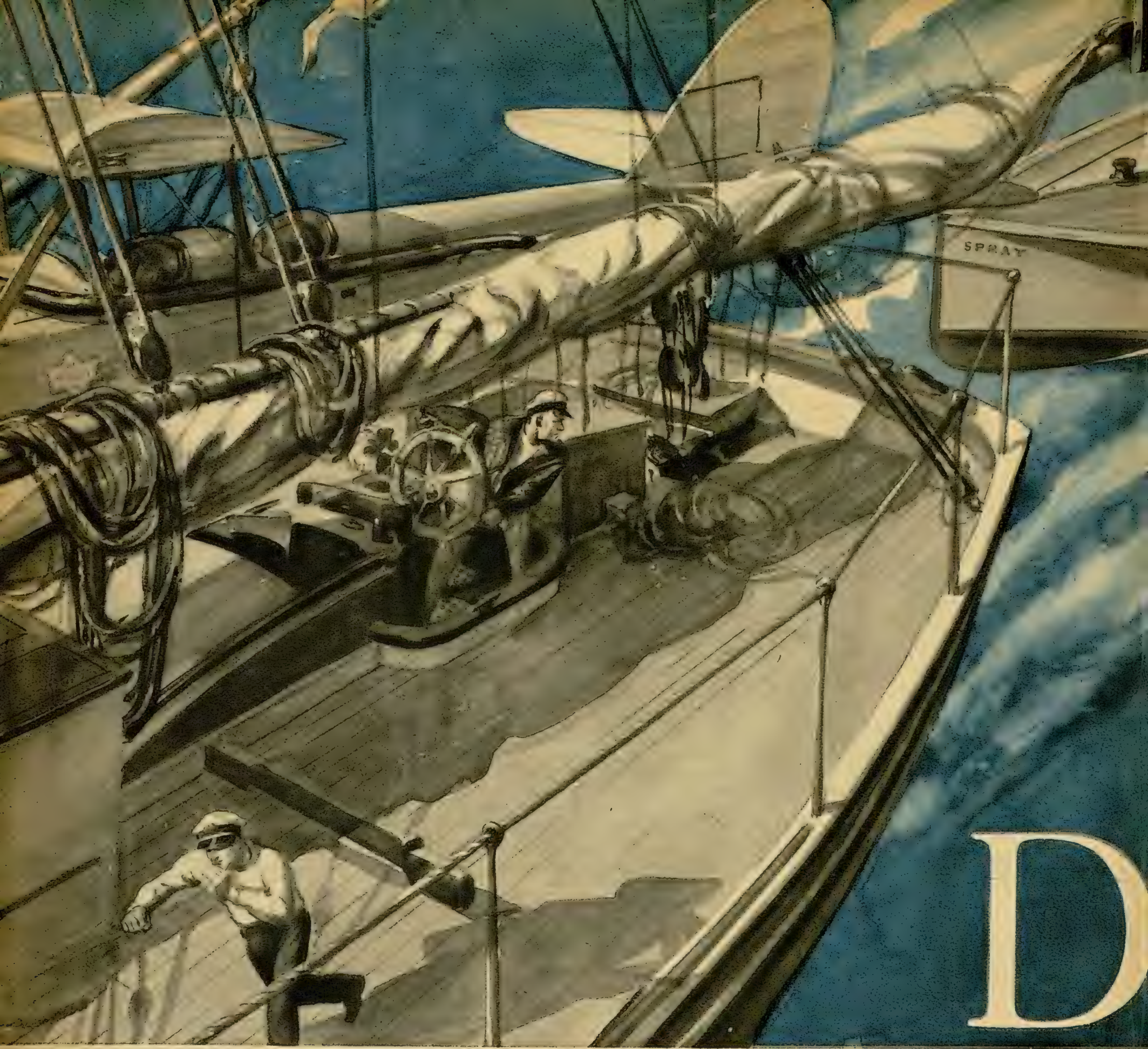
" Hey, Hoffman! Where in hell d'ja get all this dough? You been looting? " inquired McCann.

Hoffman drew us aside with a portentous air.

" My friends," he whispered, " I know I can trust you both. I am going to tell you a big secret. But first I must ask you a question. How would you like to desert and become rich men? "

She was a white flame, darting fiery essence about me.

What the comrades did about this mysterious proposition will appear in next week's installment. So will the former Legionnaire's account of their part in the Massacre of the Mezzra Bowl. There will be an unforgettable word-picture of looting and rapine in—of all places!—Galilee, and a grim story of a hunt for deserters near the border of Palestine.



D

By

DOROTHY WAYMAN

and

EDWARD DOHERTY

Van Lanier's Occupation—Buck's Story—The Chase to Sea—Aboard the I'm About

Pictures by W. MacRae Gillies

(Reading time: 23 minutes 10 seconds.)

Part VI—Conclusion

IT was a sunny day in March when Don was discharged from the hospital. He was pale, a little weak.

Doctor Ingraham congratulated him as he rolled him out in the wheel chair to the waiting ambulance.

"You're lucky you weren't marked," he said. "And you're lucky you didn't die of pneumonia. In a month you'll be better than ever, but don't do anything too strenuous until then. I mean, don't go for any morning swims in icy water. We like you, but if it's all the same to you we'd rather not have you come back."

Don laughed. "You've done a great job. Good luck."

"Good luck, lieutenant."

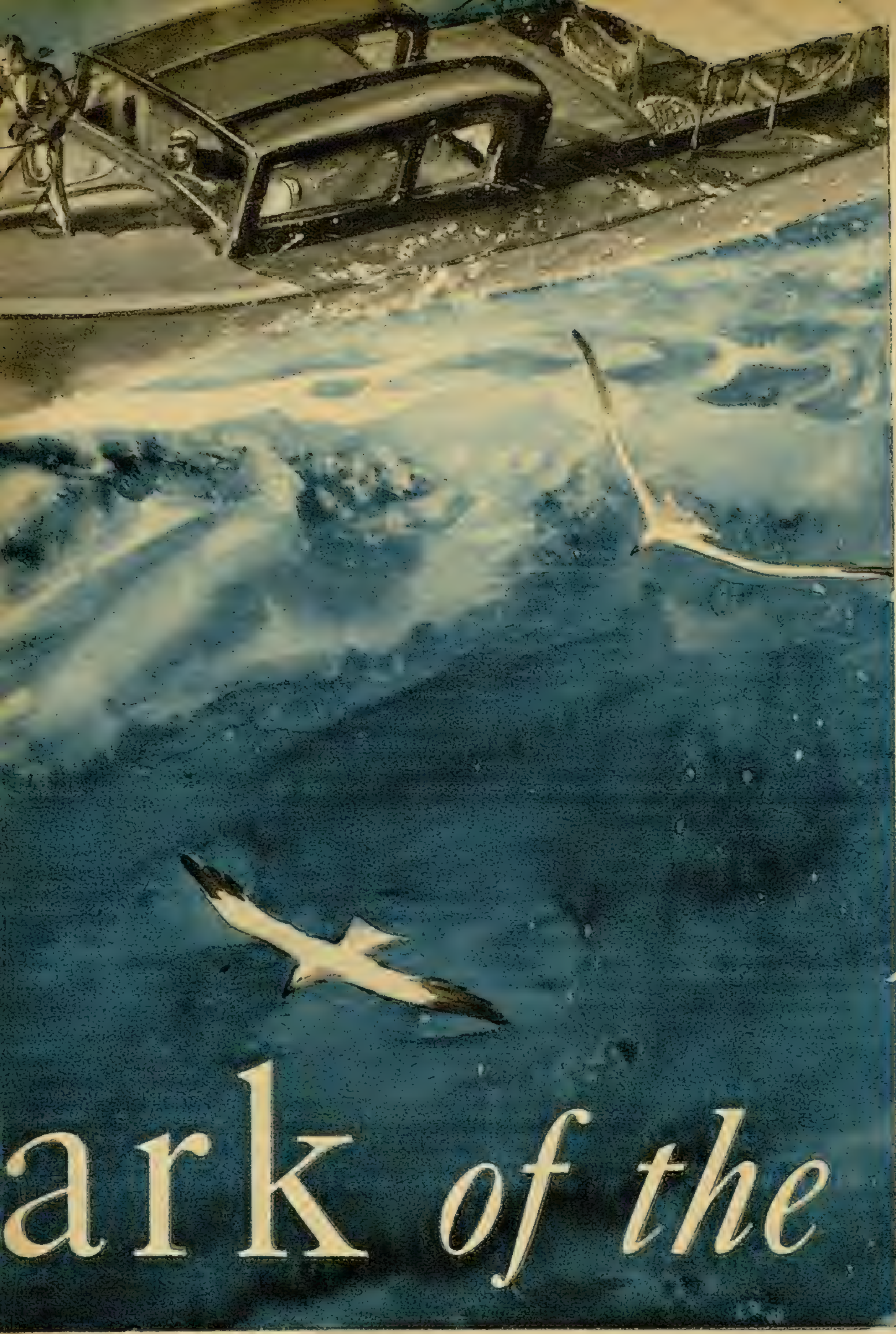
Commander Howey received him cordially, and insisted he take a long vacation before returning to duty.

Inez was waiting in the commander's cabin. She kissed Don openly and hugged him hard.

"You're coming home with me," she said. "Alfredo's here with the car. I've fixed up a room for you and you must come. You'll have nothing to do but eat and sleep and just laze around. Don't you think that's what he needs most, commander?"

"Of course. Of course, Mrs. Stuart."

"He's got thin in that hospital. But wait until you see him next week. I'll fatten him!"



The Spray went straight as an arrow, missed the ram, and—engines shut off—glided under the bulge of the stern.

ark *of the* Moon

Don allowed her to take his arm going down the gangplank, and to help him into her car.

She loved to mother him, he knew, loved to think he must depend upon her. It was little enough to pretend that she was right, that her mothering was essential.

"Are you glad to see me, Don darling?" she asked as Alfredo drove them toward the big house on the point.

"It's like coming out of jail," he answered. "You're sweet, Bluey—too sweet. If only the Mormons ran this country instead of the drys!"

Inez turned her head quickly.

"Don't!" she said. "That's over, Don. I'm not vamping you. Not now. The man I marry must love me better than any other woman in the world. Even if we were both Mormons I wouldn't marry you. I couldn't endure being second."

But in herself she cried, "Even second place would be good enough with you—second or third or tenth! What would it matter, Don, if only you did?"

She laughed.

"How crazy we are," she said, "talking like children. You love that yellow-headed woman madly—and I don't blame you, Don. She's lovely and she's sweet. Go ahead and marry her. I've been married. It's not so hot. But don't let your marriage or mine interfere with our friendship. Can you drink now?"

"I CAN drink anything; but I'll never drink again. What have you? Something that came in through the Coast Guard last night?"

"Better than that. Something Van sent me."

"Van! How is he? He sent me a lot of books while I was laid up."

"Same old Van. The most charming man in the world."

"I thought once that Van and you—"

Inez smiled dreamily.

"I thought so myself once—and then you bobbed up again. But I couldn't ever marry Van. Fancy me being a bootlegger's bride!"

Don was astonished.

"Van a bootlegger?"

"Why, of course. Didn't you know? My dear! I can't understand that. You, a lieutenant in the Coast Guard—What did you think he was?"

"Oh, a broker maybe, something like that, since he was always going to New York in that Moth of his. So that's why you called him 'the' Van Lanier."

"Like you'd say 'the' Al Capone. You must have heard of Capone. Lanier is one of the syndicate that uses Cape Cod as a landing spot. He's not the big boss. Some New York bankers are the big shots. But Van's what you might call the general manager in the field of operations."

The motor entered the private driveway and stopped. Alfredo opened the door. Don let Inez help him up the stairs, let her seat him in the softest chair.

"It's splendid to be here again," he said.

He wondered how Betty would fit into this background of luxury. What did he know of Betty anyway? He knew only that he loved her. He wondered what her history might be, why she loved her father so intensely, what made her see such glamour in him. He wondered too about her mother. Had she died? What had become of her?

Don and Inez spent the afternoon on the glass-inclosed veranda, Don half dozing in the sun, staring at passing ships; Inez drinking and talking and listening to the music of the radio.

Van Lanier arrived in time for dinner. Don woke up. So Van was a bootlegger! Rather, he was one of the rum kings. Don didn't know how to greet him. There was probably blood on his aristocratic hands, piracy back of his sparkling eyes, bribery and arson and violence hiding behind his winsome smile.

Inez, rising to greet her guest, dropped her tortoise-shell cigarette case. It skidded close to Lanier's feet.

He reached to get it. His cuff caught on a carved foot of the tea table. His right forearm was bared.

Don saw a ragged scar on that forearm, the mark a bullet would leave tearing its way out.

Lanier pulled down his sleeve and glanced at Don.

Don smiled, greeted him warmly, held out his hand. After all, even though the fellow might be a murderer, he was still a friend.

" It's certainly a pleasure to have you back," Van said.

" The pleasure's all mine," Don asserted.

Inez approached with the cocktail shaker.

" No, thanks," Don said. " I'm still pretty weak, I guess."

At dinner he had to tell the story of his chase of Buck Laurie's boat, the fire, and the rescue of the girl.

Van made no comment until the tale was done.

" You suspected it was McGinty in the wheelhouse? " he asked. " And yet you fired? "

" Yes. I knew it must be McGinty. I was fond of him. I liked him as I like few men. And yet—I killed him. There wasn't anything else I could do. I can't tell you how I felt when I saw him there at the wheel, dead. It seemed like old times, for a moment, looking into the wheelhouse and seeing him there."

Lanier gave him an odd, contemplative look.

" A conscience like yours must make life complicated," he said, turning to Inez, holding up his glass.

" Here's to you, Inez. And here's hoping it will not be too long before I see you again."

" You're going away? "

" Tomorrow. And I'm never coming back. Why should I? I have all the money I need. I'm tired of working. I need a rest. Tomorrow I start south, flying to Miami. From there—who knows? "

" You're very sudden, Van. No trouble, I hope."

Van laughed.

" Trouble? Only with the ladies. You'll see me off, both of you? "

" What time? I'm taking Don out in my boat tomorrow."

Van was interested.

" Are you taking Briggs? "

" Certainly not. We want to be alone. And you—are you going alone too? "

Van stared at her as though he were thinking, " What business is it of yours? " But he smiled and shook his head.

" I don't know," he said, and winked.

Briggs had the Spray in readiness when Inez helped Don to the boathouse the next morning.

" I've filled the tanks," Briggs said. " She's good for five hundred miles. You'll not be wanting me? "

" No, Briggs. You can take the day off."

" Thank you, ma'am. A pleasant trip I wish you."

Don admired the boat, a long narrow craft painted gold and white, her engines forward, wicker chairs under a canopy abaft the galley, her deck spotless. She looked fast.

" I'll take the wheel," Inez said. " You squeeze in beside me."

The bay was like a mill pond, a pale shimmering blue under a clear blue sky.

They ran past Kettle Cove and the black skeleton of the schooner Joaquin keeled over on the reef.

On the shore was a man standing by a dory. He was putting his hands to his mouth as though to shout a warning.

" Ahoy, speed boat! "

The words came over the still waters clearly if faintly.

A man rushed out of the woods, waving his hands. He joined the first.

" What on earth do they want? " Inez asked.

" Maybe someone's sick and they want us to fetch a doctor. Better stop. Look—they're getting into the dory. They're coming this way."

Inez let the motor idle.

THE dory came fast, both men pulling mightily on the oars. Don raised his glasses to his eyes. He wished one of them would turn his head. He couldn't recognize either one by his back.

The dory came alongside presently, and Don put down his glasses to extend a hand to the man gripping the gunwale of the Spray. He recognized him now—the face of an old Roman, the stern hazel eyes, the eyebrows like dried seaweed, the rope-colored mustache.

" Buck Laurie! "

" Oh! " said Laurie. " It's you! I wasn't looking for you."

" Come aboard," Don said. " You too, Asa. Make your dory fast."

Don turned to Inez.

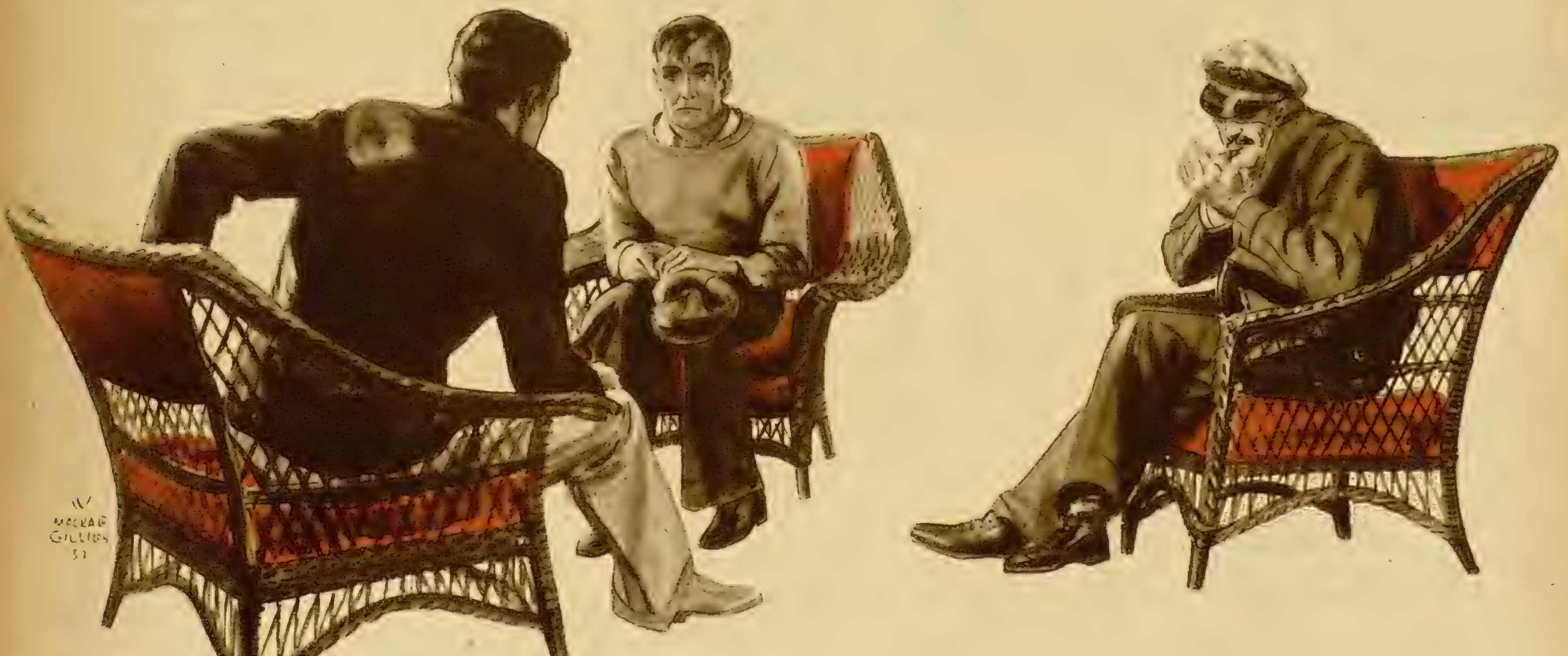
" You'll pardon me? I must talk to them, Inez."

" Of course you must."

The three men sat in the wicker chairs. Inez watched them, strange lights burning in her blue eyes. There might be trouble.

" Why did you hail this boat? " Don asked.

" This is the Spray, isn't it? "



" Never carry a gun," he said.
" I wanted a cigarette."

"Of course," Don said curtly.

"Then—you through with the Coast Guard?"

"No!"

Don's voice was filled with contempt for the stupidity of the question.

"You call yourself Buck. Did you ever hear of Stanley Mitchell?"

"Yes," Laurie said. "He's dead."

"Yes, he's dead. He was my brother. You killed him!"

Laurie showed no fear, no anger.

"So that's what you've got against me! I'm not surprised. I suspected that was it. But I had nothing to do with your brother's death, lieutenant."

He met Don's glaring eyes squarely.

"You damned liar!" Don said, trying to keep his voice in control. "I know you killed him. You left him to die on his burning boat after you'd shot him."

Laurie made a motion toward his pocket.

"Pull your gun," Don said quietly. "I'll take it away from you and kill you with it!"

Laurie smiled.

"Never carry a gun," he said. "I wanted a cigarette." He pulled out a pack, offered it to Don, smiled at Don's gesture of refusal, selected one and lit it. He tossed the match overboard.

"I suspected Stanley Mitchell was kin to you," the old Roman continued. "I don't know all the details of how he died. But let me tell you what I do know."

"TALK!" said Don. "When you're done, I'll talk."

"I mind the night the boy was killed. Over a year ago it was. Asey called me up from New Bedford. Said he had a job with a syndicate, he and a rat named Tim Flannigan—"

Don started at the name. It was Flannigan who had told him of Buck.

"Go on. Flannigan's dead. Don't lie about it."

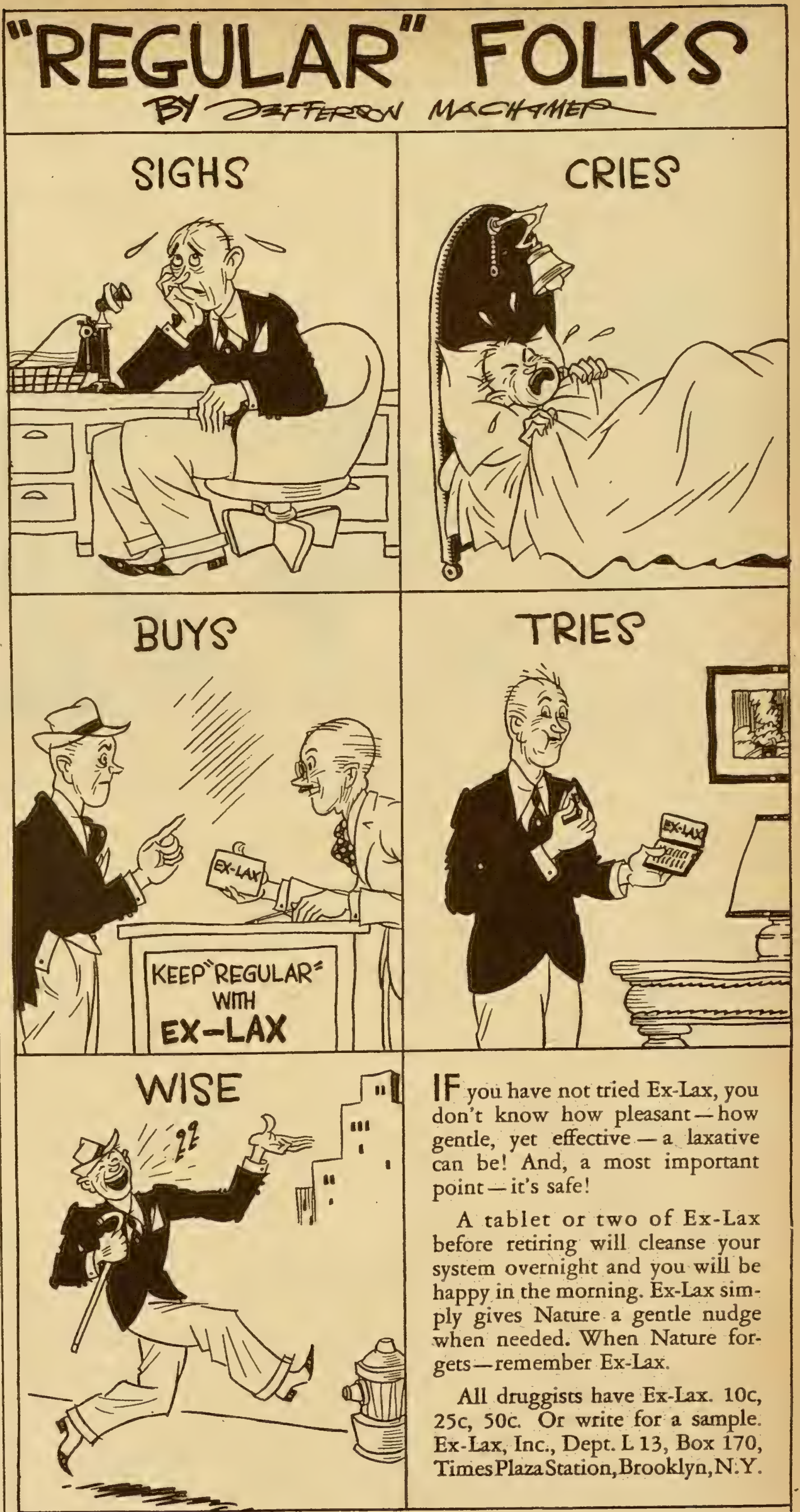
"I'll tell you how he died before I'm through. Asey called me up and told me about his new job. I didn't much care to have him working for a syndicate. I didn't much care to have him running rum at all. I was trying to make a big man of him. He was at high school, but he ran away.

"I told him he was a fool and I hung up on him. He came sneaking home the next morning. He was trembling so I thought he had fever and chills, and I sent Betty for the doctor. But he wasn't sick. He was just scared. I knew something had happened, something bad. I'll tell you what happened.

"Asey went out in this very boat, this same Spray we're aboard of now, with Flannigan and the boss of the syndicate."

"You mean Van Lanier?" Don asked.

"I'm naming no names, lieutenant. They got their load and started back. Around hereabouts somewhere a patrol boat spotted them. They had a great cargo; they couldn't make full speed.



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"It was then they saw this little boat your brother was on. They boarded it, intending to put some of the load on her. Asey stayed on the Spray. Flannigan and the other—one or both of them—shot your brother. Asey jumped overboard and swam. He was so scared that he hid in the woods back of Squibnocket Beach until he could quit crying. He never had any guts. That's why I kicked him out—because he had no guts."

Don laughed, without mirth.

"Ask Asey," the old Roman said. "Look at him shivering there now. Ask him! He's far too frightened to lie."

"Who shot my brother?" Don demanded.

Asa leaped out of his chair and bolted for the rail. Don sprang at him, hurled him back into his chair.

"Answer me," he said.

Asa looked up, his eyes pleading.

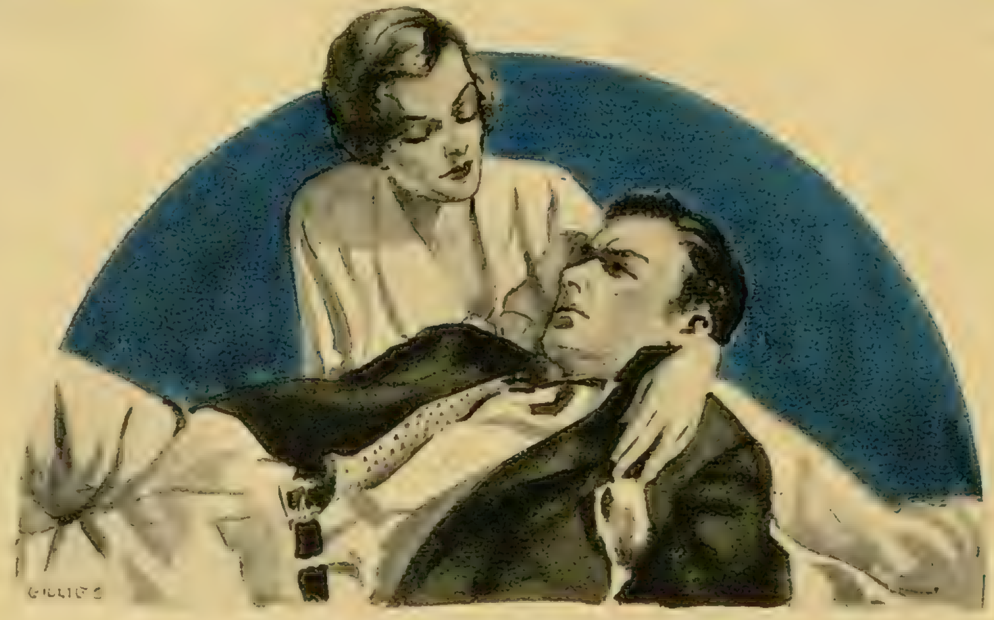
"It was you," Don accused him.

"No! No! I swear I didn't, lieutenant. It was Lanier."

"You lie!" Don cried. His voice rang.

Inez got out of her seat and hurried aft. "What is it?" she cried. "What is it?"

"This is Buck Laurie, and his son. They say Van Lanier killed my brother. And I say they lie."



He saw her bending over him.

"Lieutenant," Laurie's calm voice said, "you remember the day you came into the Popponessett woods? Remember someone shooting at you? Remember shooting at somebody?"

"Of course I do."

"If you bare Van Lanier's right forearm you'll find the mark of your bullet. It was Lanier tried to shoot you in the back."

Don was stunned, but he couldn't admit the truth of this statement.

"You can't prove that by a scar," he said. "You make up the charge to fit the evidence."

"I seen him!" Asa cried. "I seen him shoot, lieutenant. I seen you shoot back. I put a handkerchief around his arm and carried him away."

"Why did you say you'd name no names?" he demanded of the Roman. "And why did you name Van Lanier?"

"Knew it would come to you when I mentioned it was this boat, and when I talked about the syndicate boss. Then when Asey said the name—"

"You're working for Van Lanier—and yet—"

"I had to work for him or starve. I hated him worse than you hated me—but I blew up my boat, you know, and he had me."

"He's gone. That's why you lie about him."

Laurie smiled a wintry smile.

"LIEUTENANT, it isn't any other man on earth I'd let call me a liar so many times. I've told you the truth about Lanier. Now I'll tell you why I hailed this boat. It was Lanier's. When I saw her out here I thought there must be some mistake."

"Mistake?"

"It was Van's boat, Don," Inez said. "I bought it from him."

Laurie lit another cigarette, and Don noticed that the man's hands trembled.

"Asey says that Lanier took Betty off in a plane a while ago. She didn't want to go—she doesn't like Lanier. But he's crazy about her. Asey and Betty were on the beach when Lanier landed and taxied up to them. He invited her to take a ride. She wouldn't. Then he coaxed her to examine the plane, dared her to walk across the wing. Nobody dares Betty. Soon as she was nigh enough, he grabbed her and scooted out across the water and into the sky. Asey no sooner got through telling me this than I sighted the Spray. I didn't believe Asey. When I saw you I didn't know what to think. And now—"

Don sprang at him, shook him.

"You've spent hours talking! Tell me, which way did he go?"

"We talked it over on the dory coming out, Asey and I. He went straight as a bee toward Nantucket. Coming out here Asey remembered something he heard last night while we were loading out at the I'm About. He heard the captain give orders to clean up a cabin. He said he'd have two passengers to St. Pierre."

"Inez," Don shouted—he had no idea he was shouting—"I want to take this boat to the I'm About. I'll find her! It's not too late—"

"Betty'll take care of herself until we get there," Andy Laurie said.

"OF course you can have the boat, Don."

"Asa will take you ashore in the dory."

"He'll do nothing of the sort. I'm going along."

"But there'll be trouble! They'll shoot!"

"And you'd put me ashore? In all my life I never had such a thrill as I'm having now. I'll take you to the I'm About. This boat will do more than forty knots an hour."

She spurted for the wheel.

Asa sat with Inez, silent, shivering. It was plain he felt he had been trapped into this desperate enterprise, and that he feared he might be badly hurt before the day was done. However, it was plain he was going through with it.

Andy Laurie kept his seat in a comfortable chair. Don paced the after deck like a caged and maddened beast.

"Remember the night you give me your socks?" Laurie asked. "I found out she was with Lanier that night. He asked her to go out for a spin with him. She didn't know she was going rumrunning. That was the night old Sam was killed. Oh, she'd run rum before. For the thrill of it. She loves danger. The night you saved her, the night my boat caught fire, she went because I couldn't. I was too sick."

Don didn't hear him.

"Lanier won't abandon that plane," he was thinking. "He'll dismantle it and sling it on deck. That will take three or four hours. We can catch him before they up anchor. Van—the man I thought my friend! I told him about my brother and he gave me his sympathy. And all the time— Damn him to hell, I'll kill him!"

He ran suddenly to the wheel and shouted in Inez's ear:

"Slow down! Stop!"

The Spray was rushing through the quiet water at its utmost speed.

Inez screamed something in his ear—something defiant.

"Stop the boat, I say!"

The boat slowed, stopped.

"Are you crazy?" Inez cried. Don didn't answer.

"Asa," Don said, his great hands jerking the youth out of his seat, "get into that dory and get to shore as quick as God will let you. Then get into the first car you see. Steal one if you have to—borrow one if you can. And take a note—I'll write it while you're getting ready. Take it to the Coast Guard base."

"I'll be arrested. I'm a deserter."

"You'll save your sister. Captain Laurie, have you any paper?"

Laurie handed him an envelope. Don wrote on the back of it with his fountain pen:

> Commander Howey, Base 49. Have reason to believe American girl kidnaped, held on board I'm About off Nantucket. Radio offshore patrol to board and search. Mitchell, Lt. j.g.

"I'll take it," Asa said. He started to go, then turned and offered a brace of automatics. "You take these." He dug into his pockets and produced a handful of clips. He jumped into the dory.

"Wait!" Inez shouted to him. She turned quickly to Don.

"Have him row me ashore," she said. "I'll take the message. I'll phone it. Commander Howey knows my voice. There's no use letting that boy get into trouble."

Suddenly she threw her arms about Don's neck and kissed him.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by, Don darling."

She tore herself away and ran to the dory.

Don took the wheel. The Spray sprang forward. Laurie wedged himself in beside Don and talked:

"Lanier was a big shot. He was in charge of the racket from Eastport, Maine, to Montauk Point, Long Island. That's why he had to have a plane. He had to contact the supply ships. He had to check up on his speed boats to make sure nobody double-crossed him. He had to visit his lieutenants up and down the coast every so often. When he couldn't fly he'd use the Spray.

"He had spies and informers everywhere. This Flannigan was one of them—a double-crossing, lying rat. He spied on me. That's why he wanted Asey working with him. Asey would talk, he thought. I was independent then. I was bucking the syndicate. Van Lanier wanted to ruin me or make me one of his men. That's why that rat told you it was Buck Laurie killed your brother."

"Schooner ahead!" Don shouted.

It was the I'm About—a squat black two-masted vessel. A cargo boom was slung out to starboard. Aft on the deck lay the seaplane, wings dismounted. The sun glinted on two winking points. Binoculars.

Don handed Laurie one of the automatics and most of the clips.

"Aim to come in astern of her!" Laurie shouted. "Her guns are mounted forward and that plane on deck will keep them from swinging them on us."

"They're getting in the anchor!" Don shouted back. "They're going to run for it. I'll lay her alongside."

"They got a Lewis there," the old man pointed out.

Don kept the Spray on her course, heading to slide in under the cargo boom. He meant to stand up, grab the boom, and swing himself on board. He slackened speed.

Suddenly the schooner, getting under way, swerved sharply and came straight at the speed boat. Don realized they meant to run him down. He couldn't stop the boat. He couldn't turn sharply without capsizing.

The cutwater of the schooner was almost on top of him. Don saw with horror that she mounted a dull rusty-red iron ram on her prow!

"Port," said Laurie. "Ease her to port! And duck your head behind the shield. It's bullet-proof glass." He pulled Don down with violence.

The ram missed its mark by inches, and for a brief instant the two vessels ran side by side. A sharp tattoo beat through the clamor of engines. Splinters flew from the shining teakwood deck, the cream-and-gold counter of the Spray.

"Give her the gun," Laurie said. His eyes were shining. "We better get the hell out of here! Told you to come in astern of her."

The Spray lifted her nose far out of the water and ran like a roweled horse. The Lewis gun followed her until she was out of range.

"Give me the wheel," Laurie said.

Don obeyed—instantly, as he would have obeyed Commander Howey.

"We'll circle and come astern of her," Laurie said. He turned, came back on the other tack.

Black oily smoke belched from the stern of the schooner, spread in a long inky cloud along the surface of the water. The I'm About disappeared behind the smoke screen. Laurie altered the course of the Spray.

"Damn it, man," Don cried, "go through it! Go after her! Put us alongside so we can board."

Laurie held his course steadily, running almost parallel to that drifting black wall.

"Mustard gas," he said.

The Spray was faster than the wind that brought the smoke down toward her. South she flew until she'd cleared the margin of the smoke screen and sighted the schooner. With a swoop and a pounce the Spray was after her.

The schooner moved in mad wide circles; but Laurie, hovering just out of range of her guns, was thinking with the man at her wheel, waiting to dart in under her stern.

The opportunity came unexpectedly, and the Spray went straight as an arrow, missed the ram, and—engines shut off—glided in under the bulge of the stern as unerringly as it would make the float at a boathouse.

The maneuver had been so swift that Don had knotted the coiled mooring line to the falls dangling from the cargo boom before the men on deck knew what had happened. They were waiting for the Spray to appear off to starboard when Don and Laurie swarmed aboard.

Laurie leaped on the helmsman and clubbed him over the head with the butt of his gun. The rest of the crew were massed amidships, around the machine gun mounted on the low deckhouse forward of the mainmast.

"Hands up!" shouted Don, covering the group with his automatic.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 23

1—In Chester County, Pennsylvania.
2—The Treaty of Ghent.
3—Lucretius, a Roman poet.
4—September 22, 1776.
5—The conclusion of a commercial treaty with the United States in 1854.
6—Wyoming, then a territory, in 1869.
7—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639.
8—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, W. H. Harrison.
9—In concentric rows.
10—He manufactured firearms.
11—The apple of Eve, the apple of Paris, the apple of William Tell, and the apple of Newton.
12—No; he is at present editing a paper for exiled Russians.
13—St. Jerome, who died 420 A. D.
14—The dolphin.
15—Burma.
16—In 1906.
17—Tibet, and adjacent parts.
18—A pentagon.
19—In 1790.
20—The Blue Boy.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 23)

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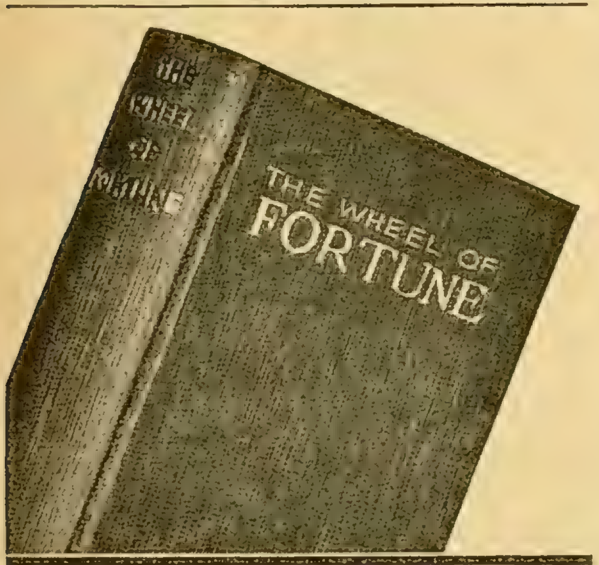

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"Throw down your arms! Back from that gun! This is the United States Coast Guard."

They stood silent, gaping at him.

"Come on, there!" Laurie bellowed. "Look lively, boys. Get aboard here!"

One man's hands went up. Another's. A revolver clattered on to the deck. An automatic followed it.

"Look out!" Laurie cried suddenly.

Van Lanier leaped from behind the bulk of the plane, the automatic in his hand spitting flame. His face was a mask of fury.

"You lousy cowards!" he was yelling. "You—"

He stopped, rocking on his feet. One eye was dreadful to see. Blood gushed from it. His knees bent. He fell on his face and lay still.

"Keep 'em covered," Laurie said calmly, walking past Don to the group amidships.

"One at a time, now," he said. "Turn around. Keep your hands up."

He searched each man for weapons.

"All right. Get up in the bow."

Seven men filed forward, sullen, timorous, none of them looking back. Laurie kept one of the automatics he picked up from the deck. The others he threw into the water.

"Go below," Don said, "and see if there are any more."

"Aye, aye, sir," Laurie replied easily. He disappeared down the companionway, a gun in each hand.

Don supported himself against the rail. He felt weak. It was terrible to see Van killed like that. He was glad it was not he who had killed him.

He wondered what was keeping Laurie so long. Had Betty been harmed? If she had, Don vowed, he'd kill every one of those seven men forward—and the helmsman too, if he wasn't already dead.

"Lieutenant," cried one of these seven, "there's a destroyer coming up. You ain't going to lay no charges ag'in' us? We was only actin' under orders."

"If Betty Laurie is hurt—"

But she wasn't. Don saw her at the head of the companionway. He started toward her with a glad cry. He fell; he couldn't get up. He heard Betty scream. He saw her bending over him. He felt her kisses raining on his face. He heard her father saying, "I'll be damned if he ain't shot!"

Don's head cleared.

"Thought there was something wrong," he said. "I just got out of the hospital yesterday, and the doctor told me not to come back. Is it—bad?"

Laurie made a quick examination.

"Just a scalp wound," he said. There was relief in his voice. "You'll be singing in an hour."

He raised Don so that his head rested in Betty's lap.

"I've done quite a lot of business with this boat," Laurie said, looking off at the destroyer. "I'd hate to see her confiscated."

"It's your game," Don answered. "Play it any way you like. I'm resigning from the Coast Guard. I'm going on a trip around the world."

He looked up into Betty's eyes.

"With you," he added.

"Yes," said Betty.

Her fingers played on his face.

"With me. Forever, and ever."

And she bent and kissed him on the mouth.

THE END

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DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Winton Loomis' story was impossible, because, had he examined the three front rooms before going to the studio at the rear, he could not have made mud tracks near his wife's body, as there would have been no mud left on his shoes.

A Short Short Story

OFF The RECORD

By LEE PASQUIN

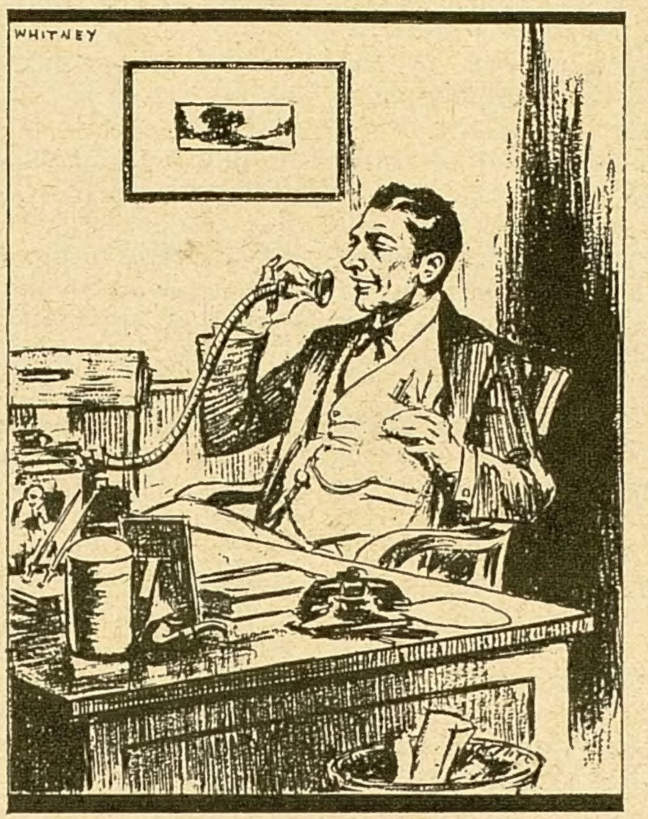
(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

WANTED: Stenographer-secretary. Must be fast, accurate, middle-aged, homely, or at least plain-looking. Apply William Stenner, Room 3310, 31 Church Street, City.

YEH, I saw that ad, too. It's the same Bill Stenner we know. There's quite a story behind it.

You know, of course, that office where Bill works? He's one of the big shots there, I guess. Head of a department, with a private office, a couple of assistants, and a raft of typists and stenogs in an outer room.

Bill lives out where I do—Southfield. One of those snappy, almost well-to-do Jersey suburbs in good running distance of New York, where the girls all keep a maid or two, play bridge and go in for charity work in the afternoon, and take their social life large and seriously.



"When he has letters to write he just speaks them into the phonograph."

Well, as gals will when they get together, one of the main topics at bridge tables is about their husbands, and their business, how poor it is, and how Junior can't go to camp next summer. In the natural course of events up comes the subject of secretaries and stenographers. You know, the old " office wife " stuff that the magazines have made so popular and troublesome the last year or two.

All the Southfield gals have their troubles with this office wife stuff—real or imaginary. That is, all but Stell Stenner. Stella used to sit there with a self-satisfied smile, maintaining a heavy silence which said louder than words that *she* had no troubles of that sort.

" Bill, you know," she'd pipe up with that feline little smile that used to get in under the other gals' rouge, " Bill has one of these here what-do-you-call-'ems that he talks into. When he has letters to write he just speaks them into the phonograph, and when he's filled two or three of the little rolls they're sent out to the typists' room, where any of the girls just pick them up and type them off.

" It," Stella would continue, " is certainly a wonderful thing. *I* never have to wonder and worry about *Bill's* stenographer. Not," she'd often end up, " that *all* those office wives are *that* way, but—you never can tell."

Stella saw to it—trust a catty woman—that any little thing dropped by husband or wife about a stenographer was given all the emphasis it could carry. Then when that scandal broke—you know, Armistage, the banker who ran off with his private secretary—Stella was right in the front row of commenters.

I'll bet there was hardly a man in Southfield that week who could say that he had enjoyed his meals at home, or who wasn't swearing up and down that he and his secretary confined themselves strictly to business.

Well, one day Stella and Bill decided to step out to dinner and a show. Stella hit Bill's office shortly after five, and Bill stepped out to explain that one of his biggest customers was inside with him and that it would take him about ten minutes longer. He handed Stella a newspaper and told her he'd hurry.

Stella cleaned up the murders and scandals in about three minutes; then let her limpid gaze roam around the office. Over in a corner she spied a girl typist—the only one left—cleaning up a job before she quit for the day. Stella, always on the lookout to impress people, sauntered over, introduced herself, and proceeded to be a nuisance.

No, the girl didn't do any of Mr. Stenner's work; Mr. Cull kept her busy all the time—overtime, too. Yes, she used the dictaphone—all the girls did. Yes, she was trying to get the letter finished so she could go—she had a dinner date. No, typing wasn't so bad—not nearly so bad as lots of other things she could think of.

This and lots more; until finally Stella pulled her prize question: Could the girl show her how to work those funny little things—the dicta-what-you-call-'ems?

The girl, with a sigh of exasperation, could—and did. She stalked across to another desk, wheeled a little stand before the swivel chair, made an adjustment or two, and turned around.

" I HAVE to rush out," she said. " But all you have to do is to slip one of these little cylinders on the machine and start it going. See? " She demonstrated as she talked, and Stella nodded brightly—for her.

The stenog crowded into her hat, powdered her nose, used lipstick, and gurgled good night with much more pleasantness than she'd shown before.

As she reached the door she turned and said with a sphinxlike smile: " There's another record or two in the upper right-hand drawer if you get tired of that one." Then she left.

Stella finished the record the girl had put on, then opened the drawer and took out another. She slipped it on the carrier and let it go, right along in the middle of a business letter dictated by Bill to some firm in Milwaukee.

After signing off, Bill's voice, thick and gooey, hit Stella's ear something like this:

" And now, if my little sweetheart is all through her typing, will she come in and climb up on my lap while we fix up another of those nice little dinner dates of ours? "

WANTED: Stenographer-secretary. Must be fast, accurate, middle-aged, homely, or at least plain-looking. Apply William Stenner, Room 3310, 31 Church Street, City.

TO the LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

Clemence Dane

WHAT does housework do to the female intellect? A novel slant on this question comes to me from Clemence Dane, the English authoress. " Cooking stimulates my thoughts," she said, " but sweeping and cleaning make me dull. Perhaps that is because cooking is really an art in itself, whereas general housework is only a chore. In the kitchen I get lots of ideas for my plays while putting dinner together."

It was not a broken heart that inspired Clemence Dane to write her stage success, A Bill of Divorcement. It was a *broken leg* that did the trick.

She and I went to the same college in England; we were there at the same time. I knew she was then a student of painting; so when she came to this country recently as a distinguished playwright, I asked her what made her change her career.

" For a long time," she told me, " I wanted to write plays, but was too busy doing other things. Then I broke my leg, got laid up in bed with nothing to do. So I wrote A Bill of Divorcement, and here I am."

She is here for the production of her new play. It's about the Brontë sisters. Katharine Cornell takes the part of Charlotte Brontë.

HOW old were you, dear lady reader, when the boys began to tip their hats to you? I really want to know. I have been asked how old little girls should be to receive this gallant attention, and I can't think of any etiquette formula that settles it.

I was about fifteen, I remember, when masculine hats began to come off for me. Extra-polite little boys tipped their caps to me somewhat earlier.

As far as I can see, the only sensible rule would be one whereby little girls receive this gentlemanly salute when they start behaving like little ladies—if ever.

Maybe you can think up a better rule. If you can, I would like to know it.

NEW YORK is full of wealthy widows. Their plight is curious and rather tragic.

They have swarmed into Manhattan from small towns all over the country. I learned about them from a widower, a man of mature years. He said:

" We New York widowers are in great demand. Most of the widows who flock here from every state are on the lookout for new husbands. Usually they are women whose late husbands were so important in their small home towns that the widows can't find another local man of the same caliber. Marriage at home would be a step down in the world. So they move to New York.

" To be safe against fortune hunters they seek men of independent means, men of some maturity—and the chances are that such men will have been married before.

" Any presentable New York widower can be dined and wined every day in the week by the widow colony. Widows who can't get widowers take up with gigolos or near-gigolos. This is only a makeshift, however. Few of the wealthy small-town widows care for it."

The widowers, I hear, are hard to catch. They are afraid of becoming mere custodians of a rich widow's estate—sort of a cross between a bookkeeper and a lap dog.

The New York widower who told me all this has just remarried. *But he didn't marry a widow!*

WE were ushered in by the plump elderly lady who wanted to sublet her apartment. To our surprise we found the walls *entirely covered* with pictures of fires. Pictures of burning buildings, firemen, fire engines. " Bet you her man was a fire chief," I whispered.

Tactfully we asked how come all the fire pictures.

" My house burned down," the lady said.

She told us a long story of the disaster. It happened years ago, without casualty or grave loss, but she couldn't forget it. She had patent fire escapes and extinguishers tucked away in every clothes closet.

To be afraid of fire is reasonable enough. We understood her precautionary collection. What we couldn't understand was her houseful of fire pictures.

I suppose she is one of those people who become addicted to the habit of terrifying themselves.

Fright is their drug. They can't be happy without the horrors.

Poor old lady!

DURING a recent week-end visit I picked up this amusing hint for hostesses:

In the guest room, a notebook labeled " Who's Who in Our House." The book contains typewritten pages giving the names of the hostess's various guests, and tells briefly who they are, what they do.

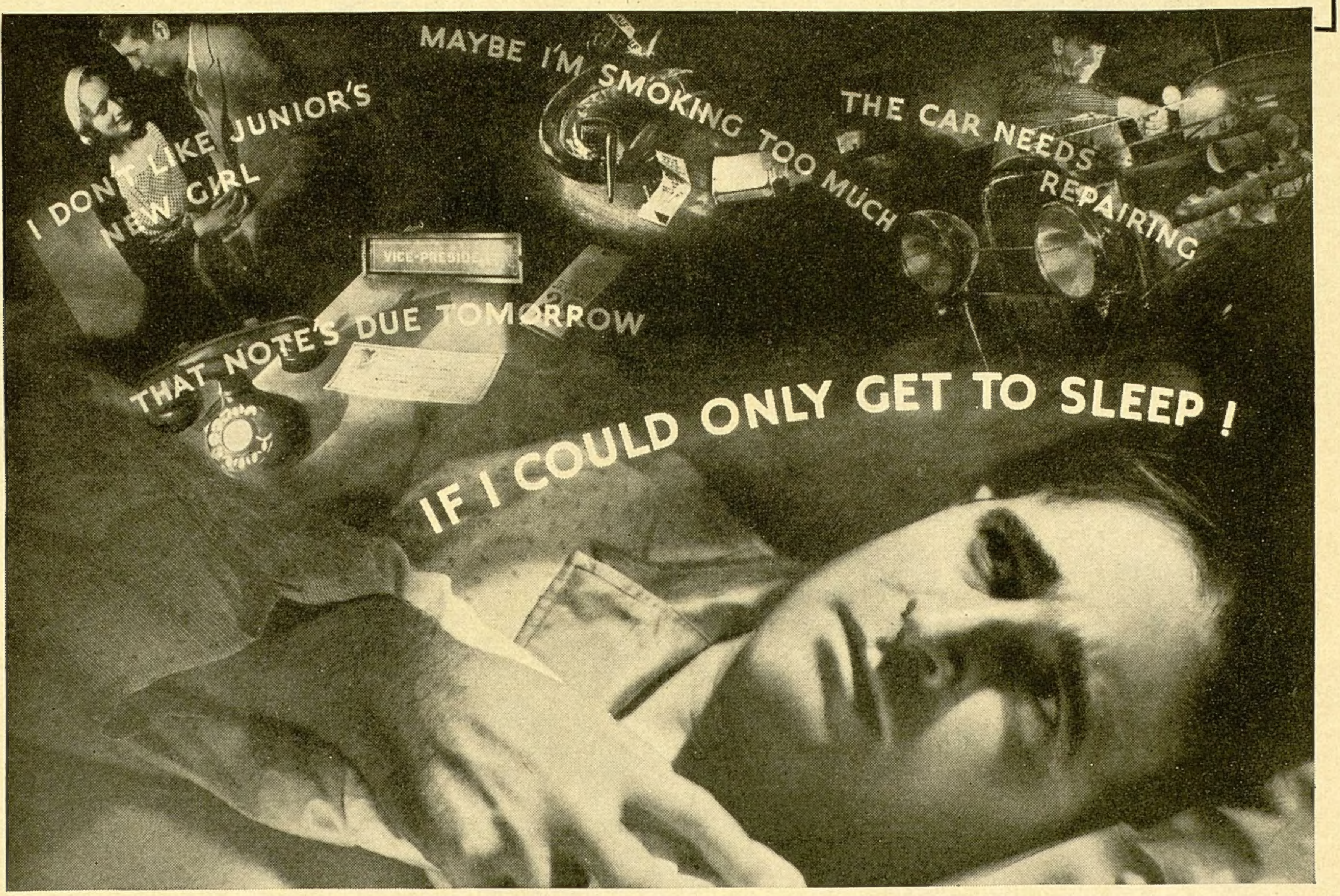
An extremely good way, I think, to help a new friend feel at home among old friends.

SKIRTS will be skimpier this spring. No flares. Fullness only in *dress-up* dresses, and all of it then in front. Skirts for walking to hang very straight, with several plaits, deep and well pressed. Piqué blouse worn over the skirt; coat lined with piqué to match; sand-colored suit materials, or black-and-white tweed. That's the spring song from Paris.

FOR romance read Booth Tarkington's new book, Wanton Mally. (Doubleday, Doran.)

BELL
2 MINUTES BEFORE CURTAIN

MAKE SURE
You Sleep Tonight
This Natural, Drugless Way


I DON'T LIKE JUNIOR'S NEW GIRL
MAYBE I'M SMOKING TOO MUCH
THE CAR NEEDS REPAIRING
VICE-PRESIDENT
THAT NOTE'S DUE TOMORROW
IF I COULD ONLY GET TO SLEEP !

No More Bed-Tossing— New Energy Tomorrow

Here's a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A way that 20,000 doctors recommend because it's *safe* and *effective*.

It is a delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep tonight—but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

The name of this remarkable discovery is Ovaltine. It possesses unique properties which rebuild your tissues while you sleep—so that you feel doubly refreshed upon waking in the morning.

It Acts 3 Ways

Ovaltine acts 3 ways to combat the main causes of sleeplessness which authorities list as: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability.

First: Taken as a warm drink at bedtime, Ovaltine not only promotes relaxation but tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus combating mental over-activity—and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a remarkable food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burdens of a stomach that's over-taxed or "nervous."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only conditions the mind for sleep and helps to allay digestive unrest, but *also* provides the very factors necessary to overcome sleeplessness due to nervous irritation.

Begin Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights. Get acquainted with Ovaltine—and see how quickly you fall asleep *every* night. See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it just before going to bed. Then see how naturally you fall asleep—how completely and soundly you rest.

Why not 'phone for it now?

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 949-R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
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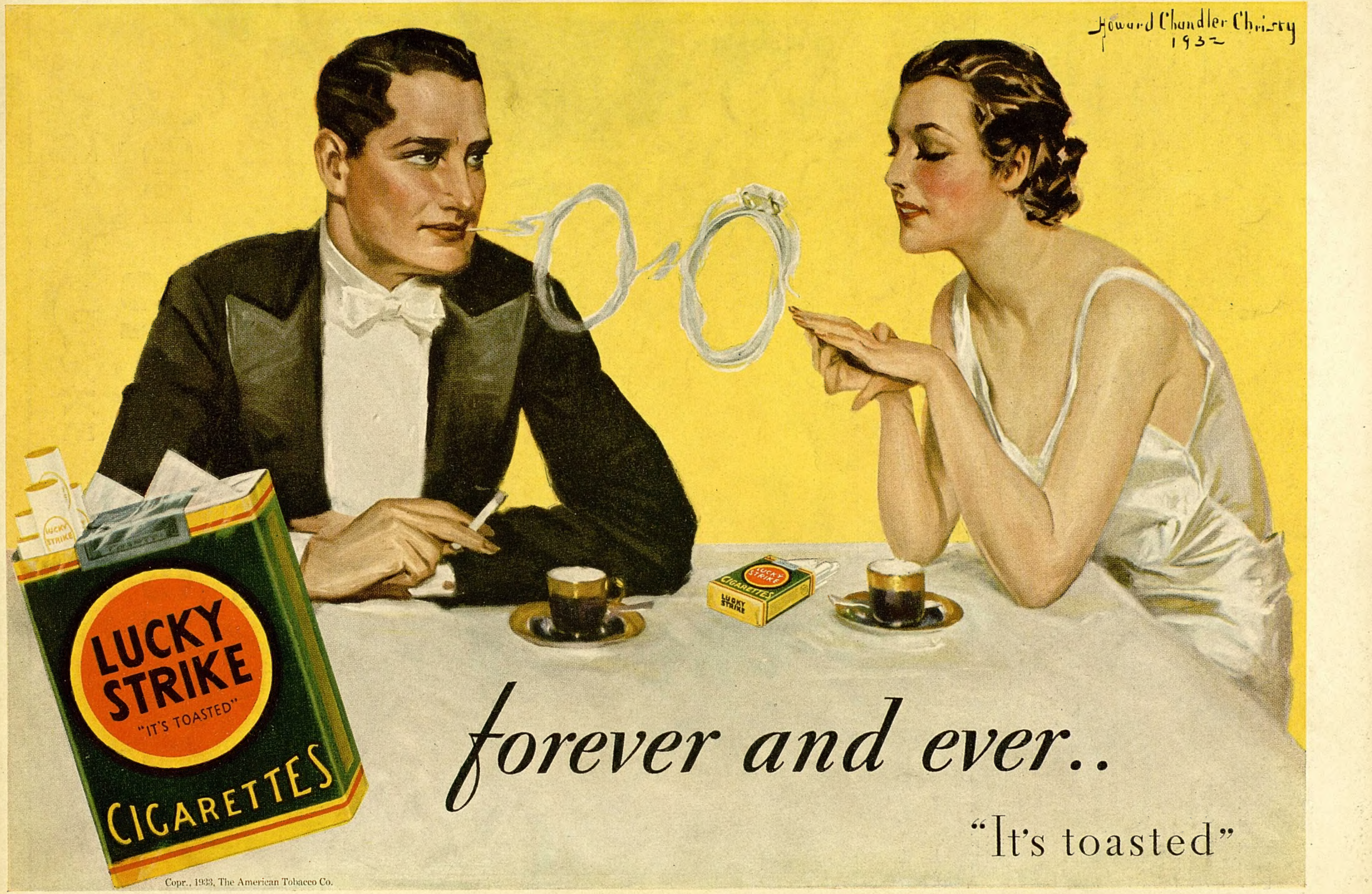
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"IT'S TOASTED"
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